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## TV-LAND

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married life**

**BY JACK KELLY:**

**'My friend,  
Jim Garner'**



**Shirley Temple's  
amazing comeback!**

ROCK HUDSON





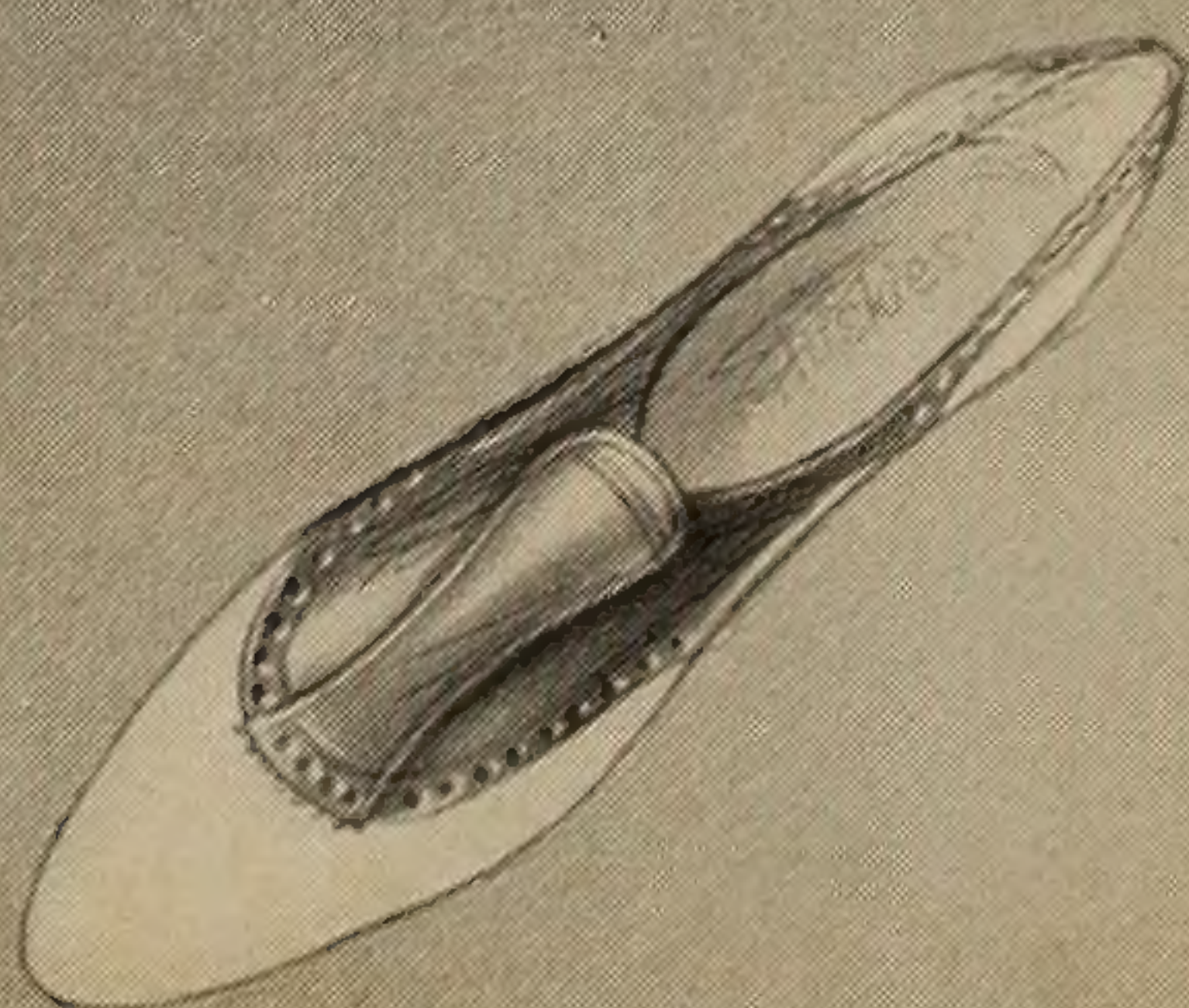
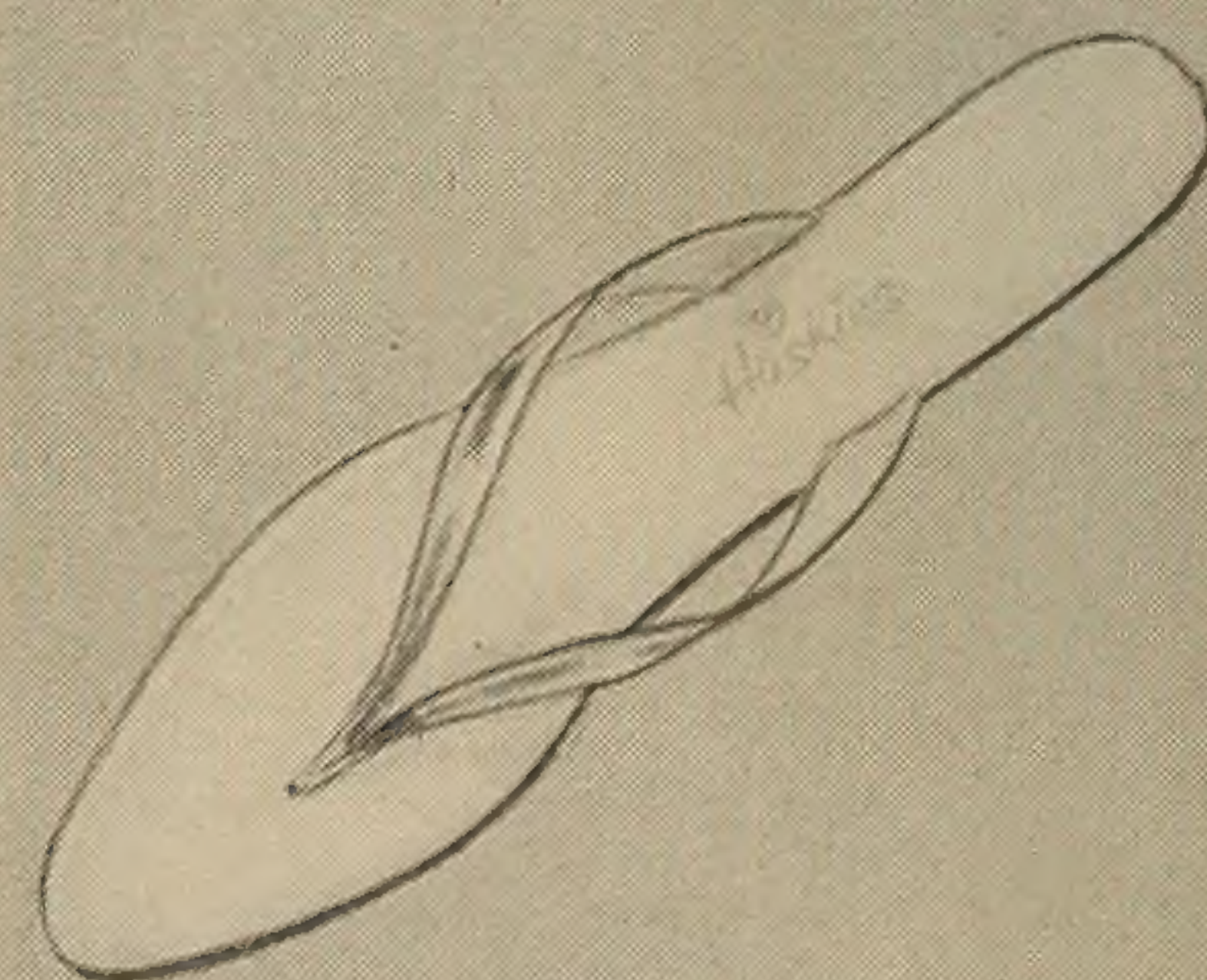
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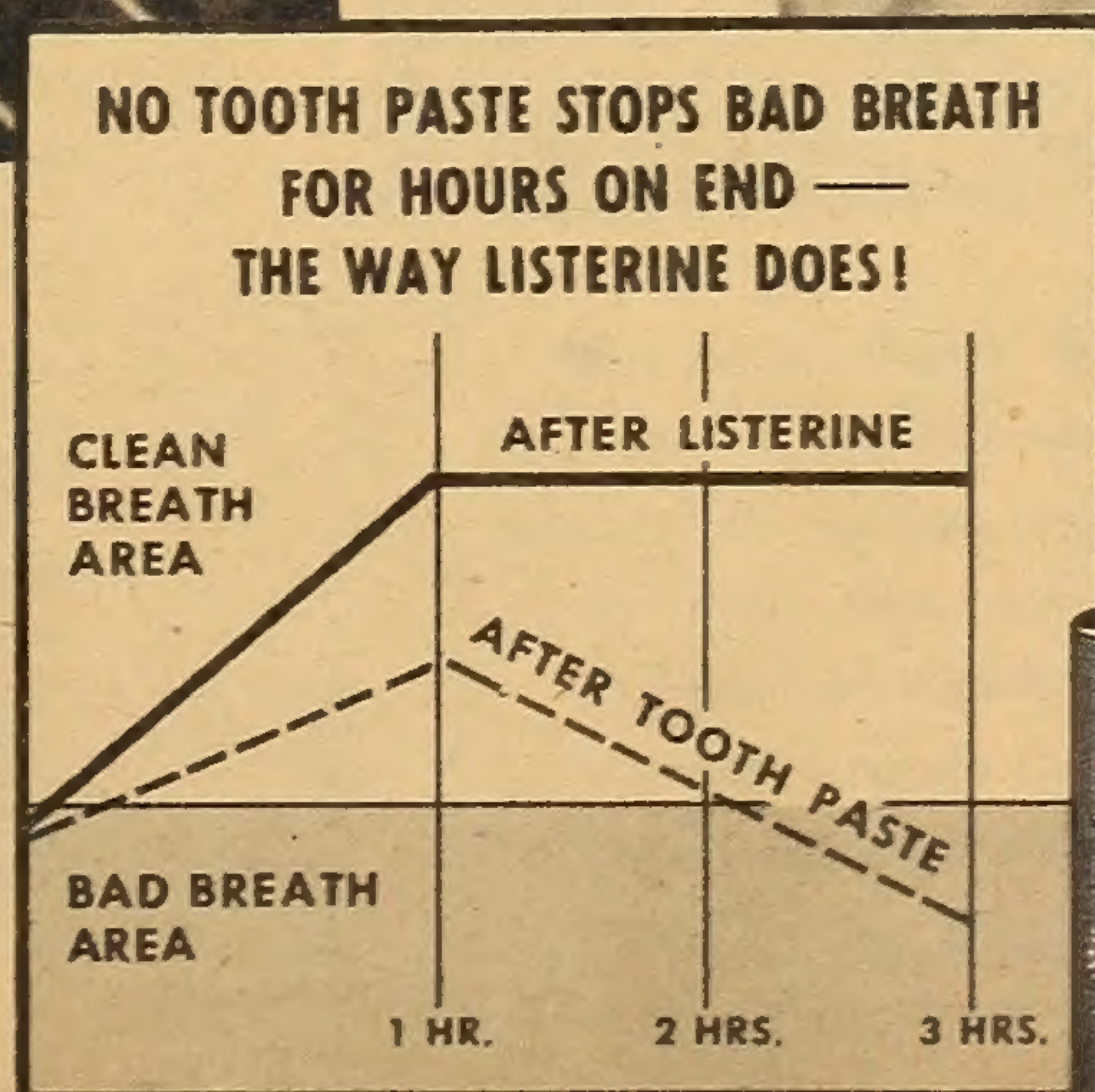


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# Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

Volume 60, No. 7  
July, 1958

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## INSIDE NEWS

Lana Turner 14 Behind Lana's Greatest Tragedy by Maxine Block

## PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS

Tony Franciosa 28 Love On A High Wire by Florence Epstein  
Mitzi Gaynor 33 The Perils Of Mitzi by Peer J. Oppenheimer  
Gregory Peck 36 Life With A French Wife by Helen Louise Walker  
Deborah Kerr 48 Her Halo Never Was by Favius Friedman  
James Darren 52 Triumph Of A Daredevil by Tex Maddox

## EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES

Frank Sinatra 21 Winning The French  
Shirley MacLaine 41 Candidly Shirley  
Johnny Mathis 59 Teenage Crush

## TELEVISION

Shirley Temple 25 America's Sweetheart—Again by Nancy Anderson  
Jim Garner 44 "My Friend, Jim Garner" by Jack Kelly

## SPECIAL FEATURES

Gossip 6 Hollywood Lowdown by Sheilah Graham  
12 Hollywood Love Life by Dorothy O'Leary  
Reviews 10 Coming Attractions by Rahna Maughan  
Fashions 56 Black Bottoms! by Sue Collins  
Records 68 Let's Look At The Records by Bob Crosby

**COVER: ROCK HUDSON, STARRING IN U-I FILM, "TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS," AND SHIRLEY TEMPLE, STARRING IN NBC-TV'S "STORYBOOK"**

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TOO  
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ALMOST  
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MAN...

...and a shocked world said: "Like father, like daughter..."



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man who  
could  
have  
stopped  
her—but  
he never  
learned  
to stop  
himself!

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MURRAY HAMILTON, MARTIN MILNER, JOHN DENNIS

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## HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

would get her to fatten up. Most of us look better thinner, but not Sophia. . . . Esther Williams and Jeff Chandler aren't saying too much for publication, but their romance, or friendship, or whatever they call it, is still very much on.

Ann Sothorn, a "Private Secretary" who values a dollar, rents her Sun Valley home for three months every year. Before Ann hit it rich with her TV show, she was heavily in debt from no jobs and much illness. . . . Jimmie Rodgers and 20th are in a stew because Jimmie recorded the studio's "Long, Hot Summer" theme song on the back of his "Oh, Oh, I'm Falling In Love."

Jayne Mansfield plans to have a baby after her "Sheriff Of Fractured Jaw" film in London. She's already looking for a good gynecologist. . . . As for Mr. Hargitay, he lost a role in MGM's "High School Confidential," when he demanded \$5,000 for four days' work, plus a chartered plane to fly him to and from Las Vegas, during their jam-packed night club act at the Tropicana. . . . George Gobel was so nervous when he first came to Hollywood that when David Niven gave a party for him, George was afraid to lift up his cocktail glass because he was shaking so much. But after the fourth round, lonesome George picked up his glass and giggled, "Look, one hand!" . . . I don't believe the story that Grace Kelly will never return to her acting career.

Now that Brigitte Bardot has broken her engagement to handsome Jean-Louis Trintignant of "And God Created Woman," I look for her to change her mind and come to Hollywood to make some of the pictures on her billion dollar contract at Columbia. The details were all settled just before Harry Cohn, boss of Columbia, passed away. . . . But Sinatra gets her first in a picture they will make on location in Paris. And I wonder

how Lauren Bacall will feel about that.

Marlon Brando has been really trying to make his wobbly marriage with Anna Kashfi a success. She's a sweet girl and he's lucky to have her. . . . All you people who scream when I say anything that is not 100% praiseful about Elvis Presley, will be happy to know that even though The Wiggle is in the Army, RCA will be paying him \$1,000 a week for the next ten years.

While Desi Arnaz is busy running their Desilu Company, Lucille Ball pops up to Las Vegas every so often to catch the shows of pals like Ginger Rogers and Marlene Dietrich. . . . Mike Todd's last business appointment was at Metro the day before his tragic plane crash. He lunched with Mehboob Khan, producer of "Mother India," and during the meal Mike agreed he would go to India to co-produce "Taj Mahal" with Khan. Before lunch the Indian asked for 20 minutes alone in which to say his prayers. Mike turned over his office, waited outside, then escorted his guest to wife Elizabeth Taylor in the commissary.

Marilyn Monroe will star in "The Misfits" for husband Arthur Miller, but not until she has made "The Blue Angel" for 20th Century-Fox. . . . Kirk Douglas priced himself out of his own picture, "The Vikings," charging his company \$350,000 plus 15% of the gross. In the end, he put all the money back when the film ran one million dollars over budget. . . . The Gregory Pecks are so sure the expected baby will be another boy that they have already named him Gregory Peck the Third.

Singing star Patti Page will work for her husband, Charles O'Curran, on Broadway in "The Paris Story." . . . From comedian Jesse White, "They brought me in to save the Frank Sinatra show." Jess was kidding, but the show improved with him on it. . . . Vincent Price, the art expert, won't tie himself down with a teleseries he told me. Vince prefers to guest on shows, especially Red Skelton's.



**AFTER** 12 years together, Esther Williams was granted divorce from hubby Ben Gage.

And also to lecture around the country.

How Dinah Shore keeps that gorgeous figure: "Small quantities of everything does the trick. Of course, candy is taboo. And it helps if you don't drink liquor." . . . But Marlene Dietrich eats anything she wants to.

That lawsuit of Tom Lewis' against Loretta Young is simply business, say the cohorts surrounding Miss Young. One thing is sure, they would both think long and hard before turning their separation into a divorce.

Wonders never cease. Linda Christian says she made a special trip to Rio de Janeiro to give back the ring to Count Francisco Pignatari. I heard it a bit differently, however, that Linda went back in a last ditch hope of marriage to the fabulously wealthy Brazilian. His income is reportedly \$700,000 a year. . . . Dawn Addams' recipe for successful marriage with Prince Vittorio Massimo, "I'm Irish, he's Italian, so we fight."

Spencer Tracy's salary for "The Last Hurrah"—\$250,000 and ten per cent of the gross. . . . Write to Santa Claus—

*continued on page 64*



**OSCAR** winner Joanne Woodward gets an admiring glance from hubby Paul Newman.



**RED** Buttons and Myoshi Umeki hug each other after they got Oscars for "Sayonara."

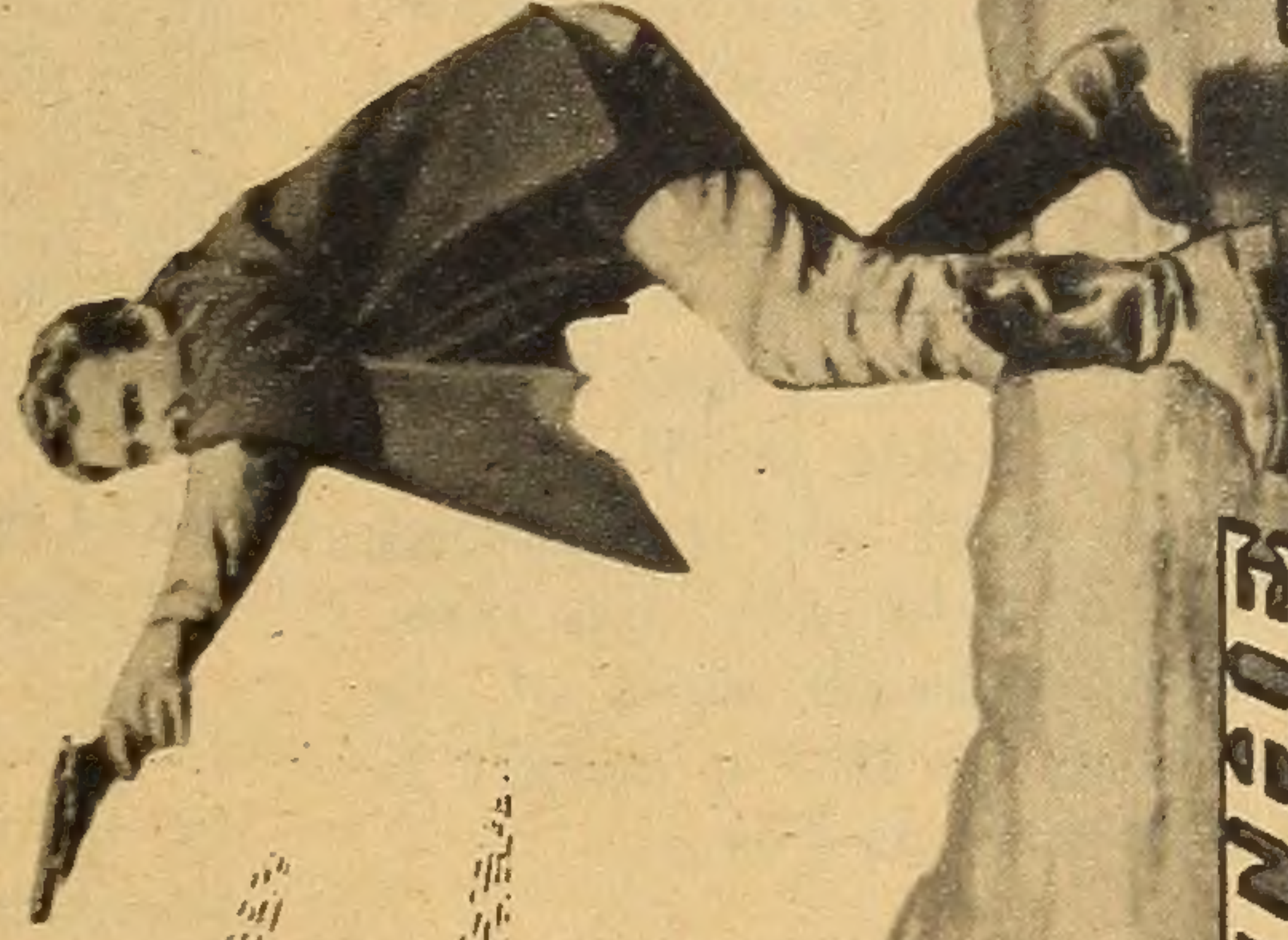
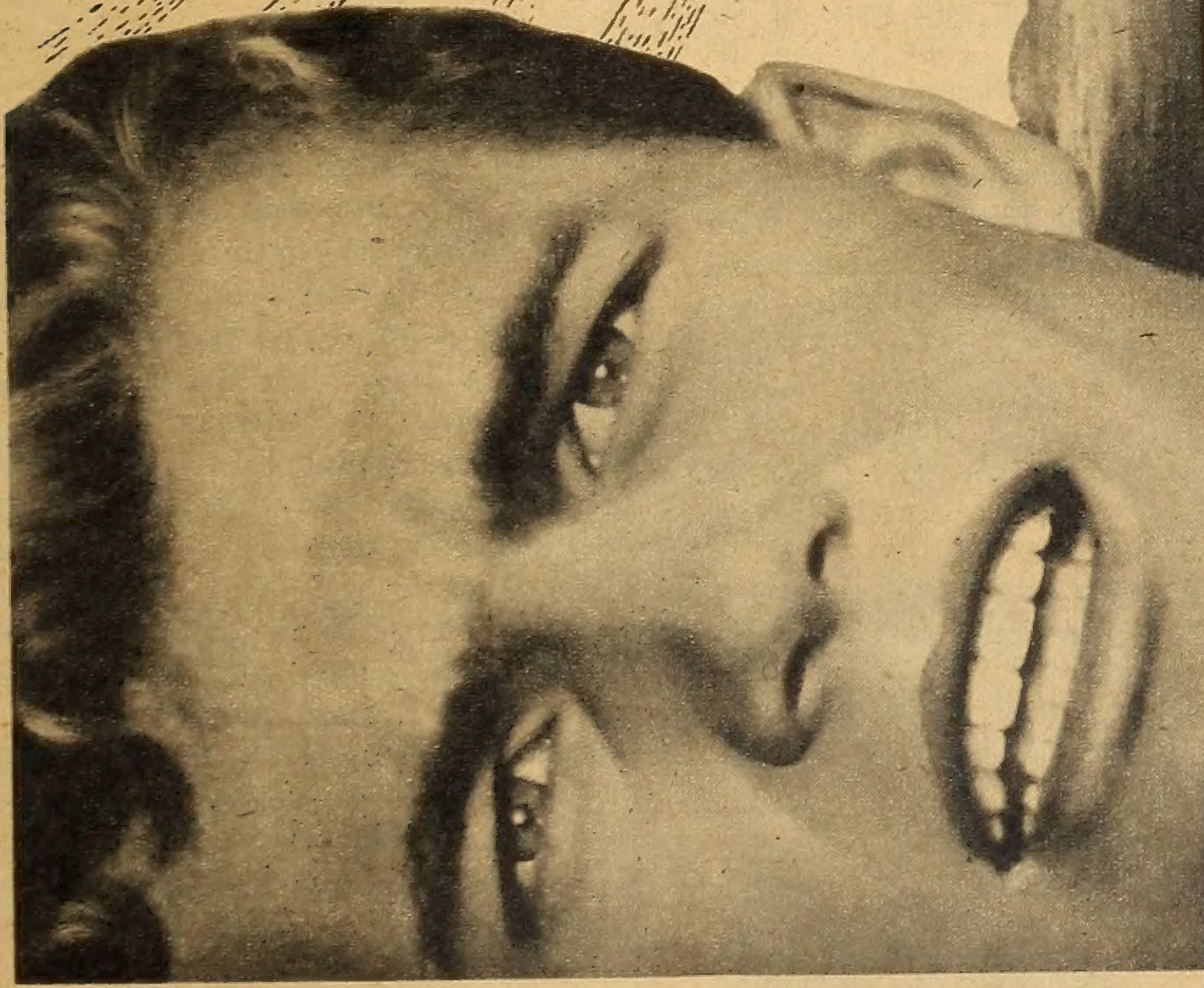


**TESTING** Ernie Kovacs' mustache to see if it's for real is madcap Shirley MacLaine.



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the  
great  
Wayne  
tradition  
is  
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# Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

## Ten North Frederick

**W**ELL-BRED and monied, middle-aged lawyer Gary Cooper has had little reason in the past to have brushed with life. Then, because wife Geraldine Fitzgerald is ambitious, Cooper is tossed into the boiling pot of politics. He emerges scalded, minus \$100,000. Indirectly, he also loses ground with daughter Diane Varsi when he allows Geraldine and his political backers to end Diane's romance with a trumpet player. The next haymaker is landed by Geraldine who confesses extra-marital meanderings. Fortunately at this time, when his ego is at its lowest, model Suzy Parker is a refreshing pick-me-up. There's a great age difference, but for a wonderful, forgetful while they fool themselves. Then, Cooper realizes how little future Suzy would have with him. He makes his final grand gesture as the outmoded gentleman. An unusual drama that perks up considerably when Suzy turns the May-December affair into an elegant adventure. (20th Century-Fox.)

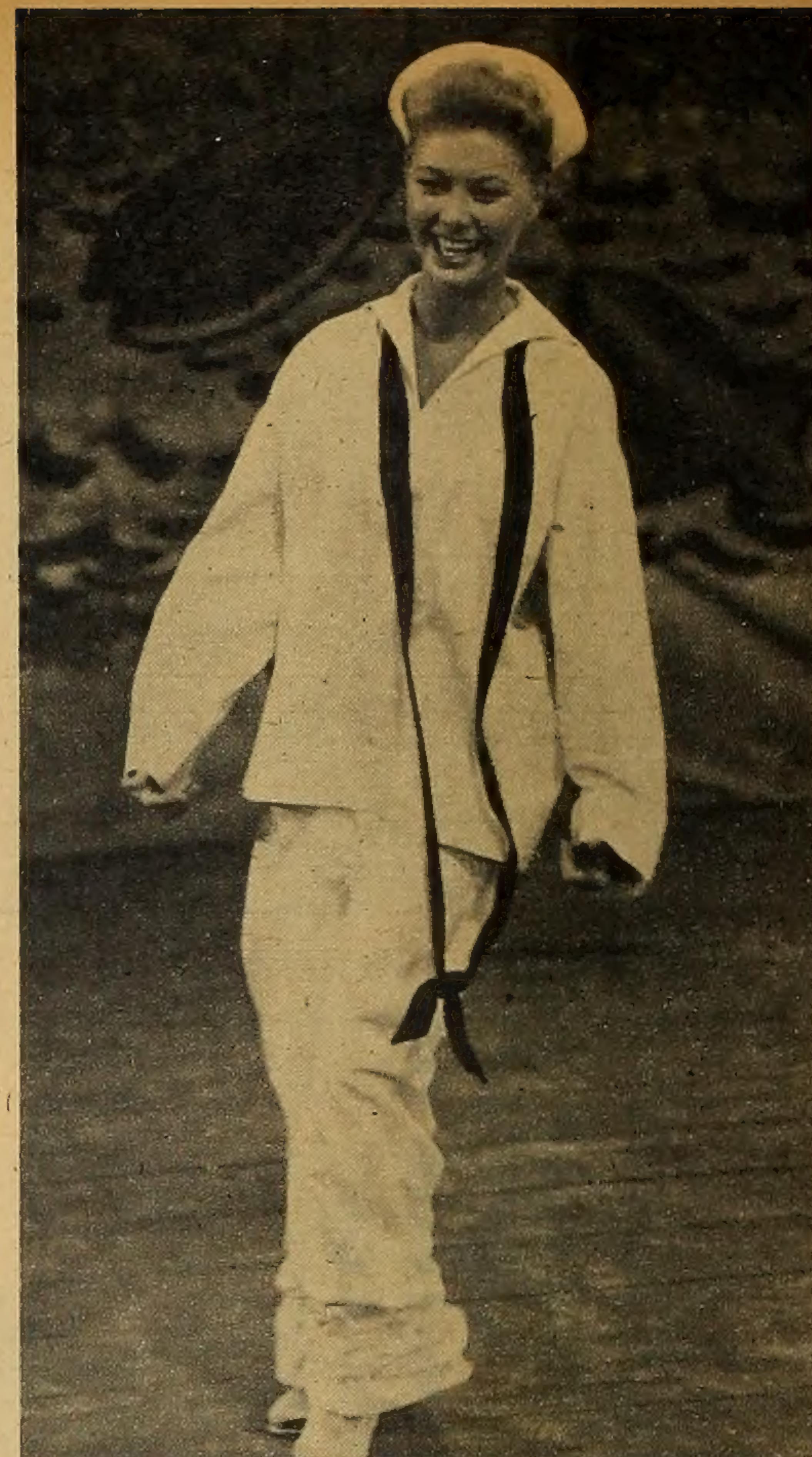
## South Pacific

**L**AVISH seems the best word to describe the effect that comes from turning out this great stereophonic sounded splash of color, music and romance on an American-held South Sea island. During World War II, Navy nurse Mitzi Gaynor and Marine Lt. John Kerr, both a long,

long way from home, run into problems with two of the more charming local citizens. Mitzi and French planter Rossano Brazzi find their romance affected after he tells her of a past marriage to a native and his two children. Along the same lines of prejudice, Kerr, the ivy league type, cannot bring himself to marry France Nuyen—incredibly lovely but a Polynesian. A mission behind the Japanese lines permanently solves Kerr's dilemma and makes Mitzi see things in a clearer DeLuxe color. While all the serious business is going on, Ray Wals-ton and Juanita Hall add appropriate tawdry humor. The Rodgers and Hammerstein music, although most of the singing is dubbed, is still a delight to the ears. (20th Century-Fox.)

## Gigi

**T**HE youngest in a family of well-kept ladies, Leslie Caron shows little aptitude for a future life of unwedded bliss. Awkward, truthful and with none of the artificial mannerisms, Leslie is the despair of grandmother Hermione Gingold and aunt Isabel Jeans. To jaded young Parisian millionaire Louis Jourdan, a sort of family friend, Leslie is a joy. With her, he can relax and forget about his reputation as a great lover. After all, "she's only a child!" But as roué uncle Maurice Chevalier points out in one of the many delightful Frederick Loewe-Alan J. Lerner songs, little girls grow up



**NELLIE** Forbush, alias Mitzi Gaynor, gives out with a gay number in "South Pacific."

to be women. When Jourdan realizes this fact, too, the question is: Can Leslie carry on family tradition to new heights of glory? In this Metrocolor meringue made up of two varieties of love, Paris was never lovelier nor romance so completely French. (MGM.)

## The Sheepman

**A** SHEEPHERDER in cattle country can cause as much trouble as an arsonist in a fireworks factory. So when Glenn Ford arrives in town with the news that he aims to raise sheep, tempers flare, guns start popping and Shirley MacLaine becomes a lively little Metrocolor sparkler. Engaged to cattleman Leslie Nielsen, Shirley, hoping to avert bloodshed, helps sidetrack Ford while the opposition attempts to rid the territory of sheep and Ford. Foolish girl, she! Several days and two bodies later, she and the rest of the towns people now know Nielsen was quietly buying up the land in an attempt to freeze out all the ranchers. In this action-packed saga of sheep vs. cattle, Ford is his usual very competent self as the man who has a big problem to solve. (MGM.)

## This Happy Feeling

**B**EING a star isn't everything. Admittedly retired matinee idol Curt Jurgens is afraid to compete professionally with the younger variety of glamour boys. So instead he breeds horses, attends to Alexis Smith's romantic whims, and at-

*continued on page 64*

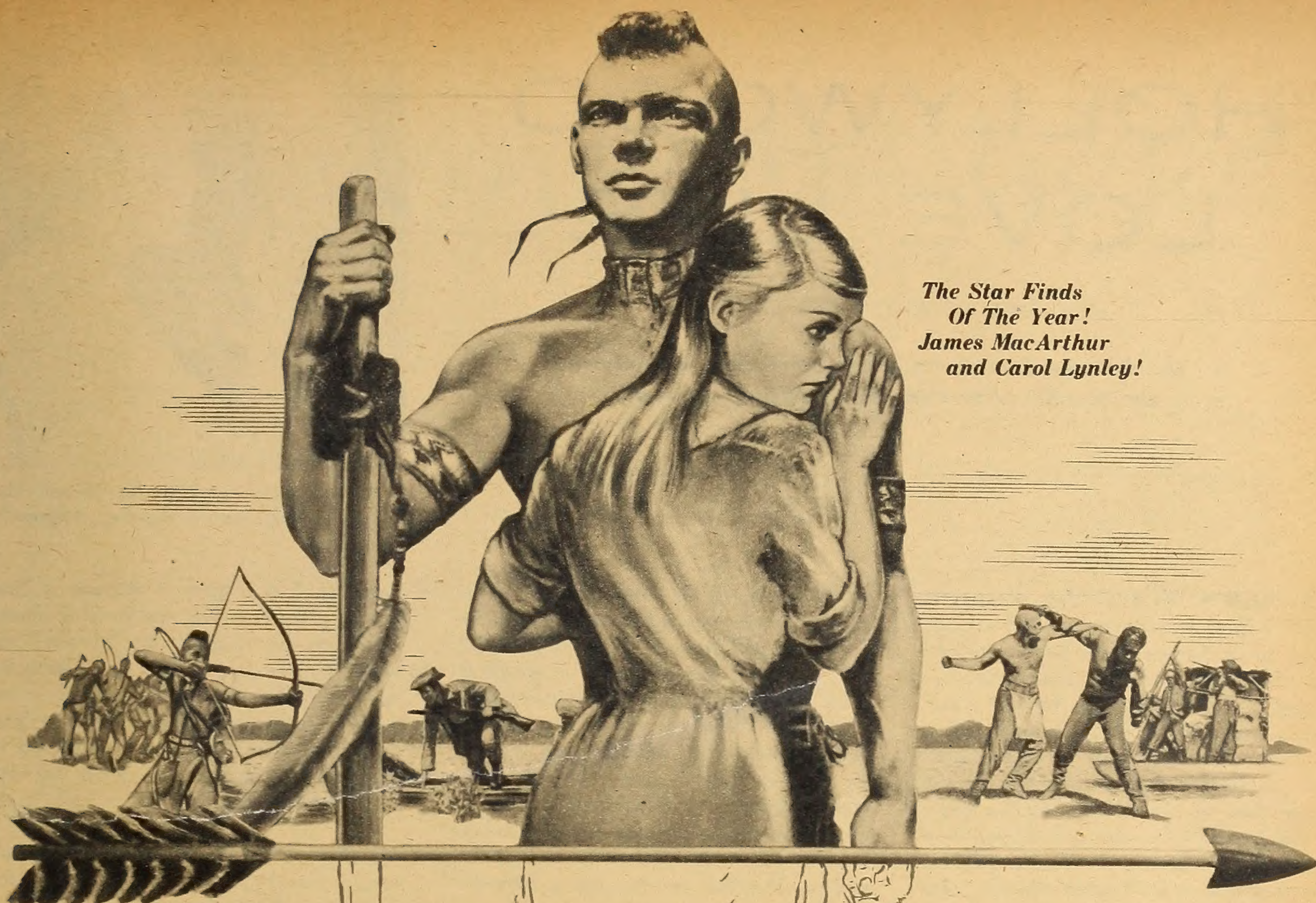


**WEALTHY** Gary Cooper falls in love with Suzy Parker in "Ten North Frederick."



**IT'S** love in a Parisian setting for Leslie Caron and beau Louis Jourdan in "Gigi."





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# HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

- ★ The Rossano Brazzis to spend more time in Hollywood
- ★ Is the Martha Hyer-Gene Kelly dating serious?



IT'S an encore for Kim Novak and Mac Krim who are seen out together frequently.

**WAGNER'S WOES**—Bob Wagner is a very happy bridegroom, except for one thing: bride Natalie Wood has preempted one whole room of their apartment, his former bachelor digs, just for her wardrobe because closet space is inadequate! So now, understandably, they're house hunting. Before they were married, Bob visited Nat on two of her location trips, in Northern California and Upper New York, so she returned the compliment and visited him in Phoenix while he was working in "The Hunters." Sort of a second honeymoon, too, for that's where they were married. Don't expect to see "home art" of the Wagners. They've flatly refused to have pictures done at the apartment. We don't know why, for it's very attractive. They consent to being photographed on Bob's boat but that doesn't offer much variety, so the lens lads are grumbling.

**ECONOMY NOTE**—With 6,000 miles separating them, Shelley Winters and Tony Franciosa are foregoing the luxury of long-distance phoning and write each other daily. Shell has 16 weeks work here

for "The Diary Of Anne Frank," then goes to Amsterdam for location and hopes Tony will still be in Europe. He probably will, for "The Naked Maja," in which he stars with Ava Gardner, has had repeated delays. In "Diary," Shell and all the players must look thinner and wan at the end of the story. So, for once, the film is being shot in sequence. Shell is dieting as she goes along but also taking free sample treatments at local reducing salons. She has an eye for a bargain!

**NEWLYWED NEWMANS**—Producer Jerry Wald gave a welcome home party for Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman when they returned from their European honeymoon with just 300 of their "closest friends" as guests! The newlyweds' plane was late so they went to the soiree straight from the airport, both wearing matching white leather jackets. Asked Wald, "Did you come by motorcycle?" Joanne was showing off her new wedding ring, a charming antique set with yellow and white diamonds which Paul bought in Paris. He hadn't found one to his liking before their mar-

riage in Las Vegas so bought a temporary plain one. But sentimental Joanne will keep the original one "always," she says. The Newmans, who have been living in Paul's tiny hideaway house are looking for a larger one, with a pool to rent because Paul's three children, his former marriage will spend the mer with them.

fic"

**MEMO FROM M.M.**—The usually uncommunicative Marilyn Monroe writes from New York that she DOES plan to come back here to make "The Blue Angel" and that she and husband Arthur Miller have commissioned famed architect Frank Lloyd Wright to build a country home for them in Connecticut. Now there are three people who will probably disagree before they agree! Marilyn has also redecorated their apartment overlooking the East River.

**JANE'S WHIM**—No doubt about it, Jane Russell is a gal of individual tastes. She and Bob Waterfield were married on April 24, 1943, which happened to be Easter Sunday. So Jane decided that they

continued on page 74



DEAN Martin takes his very pretty wife, Jeanne, out for a gay evening on the town.



STEVE Allen's summer replacement are Steve Lawrence and his bride Eydie Gorme.



HAND holding like they were courting are Dinah Shore, hubby George Montgomery.



# Drawing the head



This drawing guide—*Proportions of the Head*—is contributed by Art Instruction, Inc., world's largest home study art school. It's from one of the series of illustrated textbooks given to our students in art.

Proportions shown here are *average* for adults. Most faces vary from them. However, it's helpful to know these average proportions. Get them fixed in your mind—then practice drawing simple heads until you can place the features without hesitation.

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# Behind Lana's greatest tragedy!

*Leading up to her lover's death at the hands of her daughter is a life  
of early sorrow and heartbreaks that Lana has been powerless to prevent*

IN APRIL all the world read of that bleak, terror-ridden night of Good Friday when Cheryl Christina Crane, home from her exclusive boarding school for the Easter holidays, plunged a long kitchen knife into the abdomen of her mother's lover and killed him. "Momma," she had screamed hysterically, "you don't have to take that."

Just a year before, again in April, a willful, rebellious Cheryl, almost six feet tall but still only 13, returning to another exclusive boarding school from Easter vacation, jumped from a taxi, saying, "I am not going back to school." Five hours later she was found wandering on Los Angeles' sordid Skid Row. A man who said she was being followed by three unsavory characters promised to help her find a hotel room but instead took her to the police station. "I won't go back to school," Cheryl told him defiantly. "I hate school. Besides, my home's breaking up again."

And, also in the Spring, five years earlier, Cheryl, in a troubled voice had asked her mother, "Momma, are you divorced? At school, the girls—"

"Yes, my darling," Lana told her. "I'm divorced. But so are lots of other people. You are still my 'Baby'—the one I love best of all, and you still have your real Daddy, even if 'Pop' and I are divorced." (Pop was Bob Topping.) "And now," Cheryl asked, "I'm going to have Mr. Lamas for another Daddy?"

"No," Lana said in a tight, unhappy voice. "Fernando and I are not going to marry." The child ran to her, threw her arms about her tearful mother and comforted her: "Never mind, Mommie. We'll never be divorced."

But there was another "Daddy" for the bewildered child soon afterwards—Lex Barker, whom she called "Po," her own abbreviation of "Pop." Less than five years later, he too was gone and Cheryl met another candidate for her mother's hand, handsome, curly-haired, 32-year-old gigolo and ex-hoodlum Johnny Stompanato, who wanted very much to be "Daddy" to Cheryl Crane—until that shocking, tragic,

*continued on page 16*



TO protect her mother, Cheryl, 14, stabbed Johnny Stompanato, the lover who cruelly threatened to harm Lana if she jilted him.



night when he lay dead on the pink carpet in Lana's perfumed pink bedroom. And Lana's wild sobs could be heard by neighbors gathered on the lawn out front.

It wasn't the first time bitter tears had seared her throat. At 38, the tragedies of 21 years as a movie queen with a careless heart were mirrored in her beautiful, china-blue eyes. "Nightmare" was the theme song of bandleader Artie Shaw, when Lana married him 18 years ago. And though she tried to forget it in champagne, laughter, fast dance tunes, Artie's theme song haunted her from time to time. It was with her the day she took the stand at the inquest into the murder of her sweetheart. In that shabby court room, the world saw a glamorous movie queen turned on the spit of tragic circumstances and looked into a scarred heart laid bare in a drama more terrible than any she had ever portrayed on the screen.

Ironically enough, in Lana's role in "Peyton Place" as the mother of a teenager, Lana listened in horror in one scene to the confession of a young girl who had killed her stepfather. And for that role she won an Academy Award nomination, little dreaming that her own personal tragedy would eclipse it.

"Every time I fall in love," Lana once explained, "I'm the patsy. My father was a gambler. He liked to take a chance without counting the small change or the consequences. When it comes to love, I'm my father's daughter." Lana has spent most of her life searching for love and she's chosen her loves unwisely—even a few who used her as a human punching bag. But when she gave her heart last year to John Stompanato, she made the most disastrous choice of all. Little did Lana know how deeply she'd regret it.

Shortly before that, after her break-up with Lex Barker, in a moment of rare soul searching, Lana declared, "I'm not proud of my four marriages, five if you count the two with Crane. I'd like to erase the past, but I know you can't do that. I've made an awful lot of mistakes. I've been warned by my mother, my friends, my studio, even my agent. I've fought against advice all my life; but I've taken some, generally when it was too late."

**I**T WAS tragically too late when Lana, fearing for her life, finally decided to get rid of her hoodlum sweetheart, when she told her terrified daughter, "I'm going to end it with him tonight, Baby. It's going to be a rough night. Are you prepared for it?" Lana had been through violent quarrels and showdowns with discarded boy friends and husbands before. But she had no premonition of the nightmarish tragedy which was about to be played out before her eyes. Her latest romance had caused raised eyebrows in Hollywood. But Lana continued to travel with him in Europe, to pay his bills, to write him scores of gushy love letters and vacation with him for two months in Acapulco. She even planned to marry him, said friends, before the quarrels and threats became too violent.

"Lana is an exaggerated, unconventional, slightly mad, utterly enchanting creature unlike anybody else in the world, with plenty of brains but practically no sense," said a writer who had watched her in action for more than a decade. Lana may be all of these things, but she is also a mother who loves her 14-year-old daughter in her own way. Her own way may not be the best way, but then Lana Turner is far from being the best-adjusted woman in the world.



**IT** was rumored that Lana married bandleader Artie Shaw on the rebound. Six months after they tied the knot they untied it.

**WHEN** Cheryl arrived, Lana and Stephen Crane were proud parents, yet in less than one year they fought over her custody.





*everything but love and her search for the elusive emotion only led her to bitter disillusion*



**WITH** handsome escorts like Greg Bautzer and Tony Martin, Lana tried to forget her failures.

Many tears have been shed for the offspring of Hollywood. But Cheryl Christina Crane has been showered with the lion's share. There are those who say that when Lana sobbed, "It's all my fault," after the tragedy, she was merely telling the truth. "In the Turner case, Cheryl isn't the juvenile delinquent; Lana is," others believe. An Eastern judge thundered that Cheryl had set a new and lethal example for juvenile delinquents. Some held that the poor little rich girl's life was ruined by neglect; others attributed it to too much luxury. "In the turnover of husbands and wives, lovers and mistresses, the Cheryls are the misplaced baggage, lost and found and lost again, always tagging along on the next train or plane or boat," a critic held. And another asked, "What was Lana thinking of, with a teenage daughter, in permitting this unsavory but handsome character around the place all the time? The answer is, I'm afraid, that she wasn't really thinking about Cheryl, at all." "Lana was a perfect mother with an ungrateful child who didn't appreciate all that was done for her and repaid her mother by plunging her into an ocean of misery from which she'll never recover."

Both views are extreme. The truth, as always, is somewhere in the middle. It's true that Lana Turner had given her daughter expensive gifts, beautiful clothes, luxurious living, trips to Europe and Mexico and fine summer resorts, exclusive private schooling—everything, in fact, except a normal upbringing. A court official has stated, "It appears to me that Cheryl never has had a real home either with her mother or father. I think it is about time a proper home was found for her."

As one who has interviewed Lana Turner through the

years, it is this reporter's opinion that the beautiful film star did not neglect her daughter. For one thing, if Cheryl had spent her last two Easter vacations at boarding school (as many neglected children of the rich do) she wouldn't have been found wandering in about the most dangerous place a little rich girl could find—downtown Skid Row, nor home to overhear violent quarrels between her mother and Stompanato. If Lana hadn't had Cheryl flown to London for the Christmas holidays, she would have been shielded from her mother's unsavory romance.

If anything, Lana was too lavish in her love for her daughter, too over-indulgent with gifts, too strict in keeping the child from making friends with other children and living a normal life. Probably no star has paid more dearly for the normal desire for babies than Lana Turner. For Lana is one of the 15% of the population whose blood is RH negative. Because of that, she lost babies with both Topping and Barker. And when she was carrying Cheryl, she lost her eyesight for a time. At birth, Cheryl had to have transfusions every four hours because of the RH factor—her whole blood stream had to be changed.

**T**HERE were other handicaps. Every working mother has the problem of adequate time with her child whether she is a secretary or a star. In Hollywood the working hours are long, the social demands are great. And so small children cling to their nurses rather than to their mothers. There are always nurses, housekeepers, governesses, relief help. "I couldn't spend my days with Cheryl," Lana once told me, "because I was a working mother. So there had to be nurses. But I think Cheryl's childhood is happier than mine was."

*continued on page 18*



Still, Cheryl was a difficult child, rebellious, willful, discontented and maladjusted. All these things also happen to children in homes where there isn't a much-married, wealthy movie star mother. For all children who grow up in wealthy households suffer a handicap which children of middle-class families do not have. Cheryl, as a young child, didn't get on with her schoolmates. Later she began telling fibs and went into tantrums when she didn't get her way. "I'll never learn to play this silly thing," she stormed one day while practicing her piano lesson.

**W**HEN Cheryl was 11, Lana threw up her hands in a helpless gesture one day when talking about her. "She's taller than I am. You can't imagine what it's like to look up at a child and lecture her. I pace up and down when I have to scold her and I know I'm getting nowhere." Cheryl grew and grew and is today five-ten. This alone is a dreadful handicap as she towers over the girls in school and finds no boys her age tall enough to dance with at parties. In addition, she is a plain-faced child who does not resemble in any way her beautiful mother. A poor student, she rebelled

against the exclusive Sacred Heart Academy in nearby Flint-ridge at the time she ran away from home so Lana arranged to have Cheryl transferred to a private school at Ojai which was more to Cheryl's liking.

A child who runs away from home or school is a discontented, miserable and maladjusted child. At that time, Lana was urged to seek psychiatric help for the tall, awkward, sad-eyed and plain, irregularly-featured girl. But Lana only wept and decided to take Cheryl away from the care of the sisters in the Catholic school. Earlier, worried about her daughter's shy, moody, reserved temperament, Lana arranged for Cheryl to join a Girl Scout troop, realizing that she had erred on the side of strictness regarding any of Cheryl's associates.

While Cheryl may have felt jealous of her mother's great beauty (she frequently outfitted herself in Lana's clothes and preened before the mirror), while she may have felt alien in a house with a changing pattern of foster fathers, Lana, too, suffered worry, grief, tears and anxiety over her daughter for many years. "Oh, how I wish my Baby will stop being ashamed of her height!" she said sometime ago.



**FOR** three years, Lana tried to make a go of her third marriage to wealthy Bob Topping but in the end she had to admit defeat.



**LOOKING** radiant, Lana seemed to have found the love she needed with Lex Barker, yet the marriage ended in a divorce.



## *sorrow is born in the hasty heart*

"I keep telling her to walk erect and be proud of how tall she is, even if the boys are all shorter. She gets along wonderfully with Lex. At first, she was a little standoffish with him. But that's only natural. She called him Uncle Lex, and when she wanted anything, she'd wait until she could get me alone and ask me."

But it was whispered that Cheryl never did learn to get along with Lex Barker, whose first two wives both pointed out that "he was much like a child himself." Nor did Lana make fast friends of Barker's daughter and son by his first wife. And one of the basic disagreements between Lana and her third husband, Bob Topping, was that he was not affectionate towards Cheryl—that he was cold to her, ill at ease with children and couldn't warm up to them.

Lana did everything to preserve the affection between Cheryl and her father, Steve Crane. He was a frequent caller at the house; he dined with Cheryl at the restaurant he was part owner of and he helped Lana make decisions on Cheryl's life. When crises came up, such as Cheryl's horseback riding accident or her running away from home, Crane was ever ready with his help. Both he and Lana forgot the bitter custody fight between them during their divorce trial in 1944, when Cheryl was less than a year old. During the years, Cheryl spent much time with "Granny," Lana's mother, while the star was making films out of the country or unconventionally pursuing her desperate search for love. Even then, she sent for her daughter—from Acapulco, from Capri, from London and Paris. Cheryl was along even on Lana's honeymoon with Lex Barker.

She was there the night her mother tried to discard her latest sweetheart and found he didn't discard easily. A columnist once wrote of Lana: "To her, men are like new dresses, to be donned and doffed at her pleasure. Seeing a fellow that attracts her, she's like a child looking at a new doll." And it was for this latest male doll—on whom she had only a short time ago lavished money, gifts, jewelry, passionate love letters—that Lana paid an almost unbelievably high price.

Step by disastrous step Lana has learned that sorrow is born in the hasty heart that flaunts moral codes. It all started a long time ago. Lana's mother, at 14, had eloped with a part-time miner, later bootlegger and gambler, and left him when her daughter, Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner, was only eight. The child was boarded with a family who beat her. A year later, the father Lana loved so dearly was robbed and killed after a crap game. At 15, Lana became Hollywood's first Sweater Girl. All the material blessings she dreamed of materialized—the high living, the minks, the diamonds, the Cadillacs. All the luxuries that accompany fame were hers.

"They said I was the night club queen and I was," Lana once said. "I liked the boys and they liked me. I liked holding hands under the table. Or, perhaps, not under the table."

**S**HE also, at 17, liked and hoped to marry Greg Bautzer, the handsome Hollywood attorney, but instead she married Artie Shaw. Six months later it was over and she married Stephen Crane, whose father owned a cigar store and who had come to Hollywood to seek his fortune. This union, described as "marriage, annulment, remarriage and front-page theatrics" when it was found Crane was still married to a first wife and later when he tried to commit suicide by running his car off a cliff, resulted for Lana in "one long nightmare." Later, she was jilted by both Turhan Bey and



**HIDING** behind dark glasses is not a famous movie star but a grief-stricken mother facing up to the hardest battle of her life.

Tyrone Power. Lana suffered heartbreak when Power turned from her to Linda Christian. Weeping miserably over her broken romance, she said, "Why did he let me go along making a fool of myself?" But a few months later she became Bob Topping's wife.

Lana has always been an honest woman who has the courage to face her errors. She knew that her marriage to Topping was over six months after it began. "But for three years," Lana said, "I've given this marriage everything I had. How much longer must I try?" Lana had catered to his every whim. She tried to make his playboy life her life, and she spent her money doing so though he was reputed a wealthy man. Topping walked out on Lana, just as later Fernando Lamas did and Lex Barker, her latest husband. No one gave that marriage long, for Lex wasn't right for Lana. But then, no husband has been right for the tempestuous beauty.

Once, in writing the woeful tale of her life, Lana said, "I am stuck for an ending. But I am quite sure that around the corner there is something good." But that was before nightmarish tragedy had befallen her.

**END**







# Winning the French

*On the Riviera location of "Kings  
Go Forth," the local population was in  
awe of Frank until he  
flashed his grinning smile and began  
to make friends Sinatra-style*

◀ **MR.** Sinatra is at his dramatic best as the rugged soldier in this unusual war story.



photos by William R. Woodfield



**FRANK** and French friend, wearing a smile with his GI helmet, talk man-to-man before the cameras grind.

**YOUNG** or old, French or American, *les femmes* go for Frankie and that feeling is an absolutely mutual one.

*continued on page 22*



**FRANK SINATRA** continued

*Between scenes of his latest film, Frank takes time out to act like a tourist and explore the lovely French countryside with enthusiasm*

**TOURIST**-fashion, Frank tries to select a few postcards and he winds up getting too many.



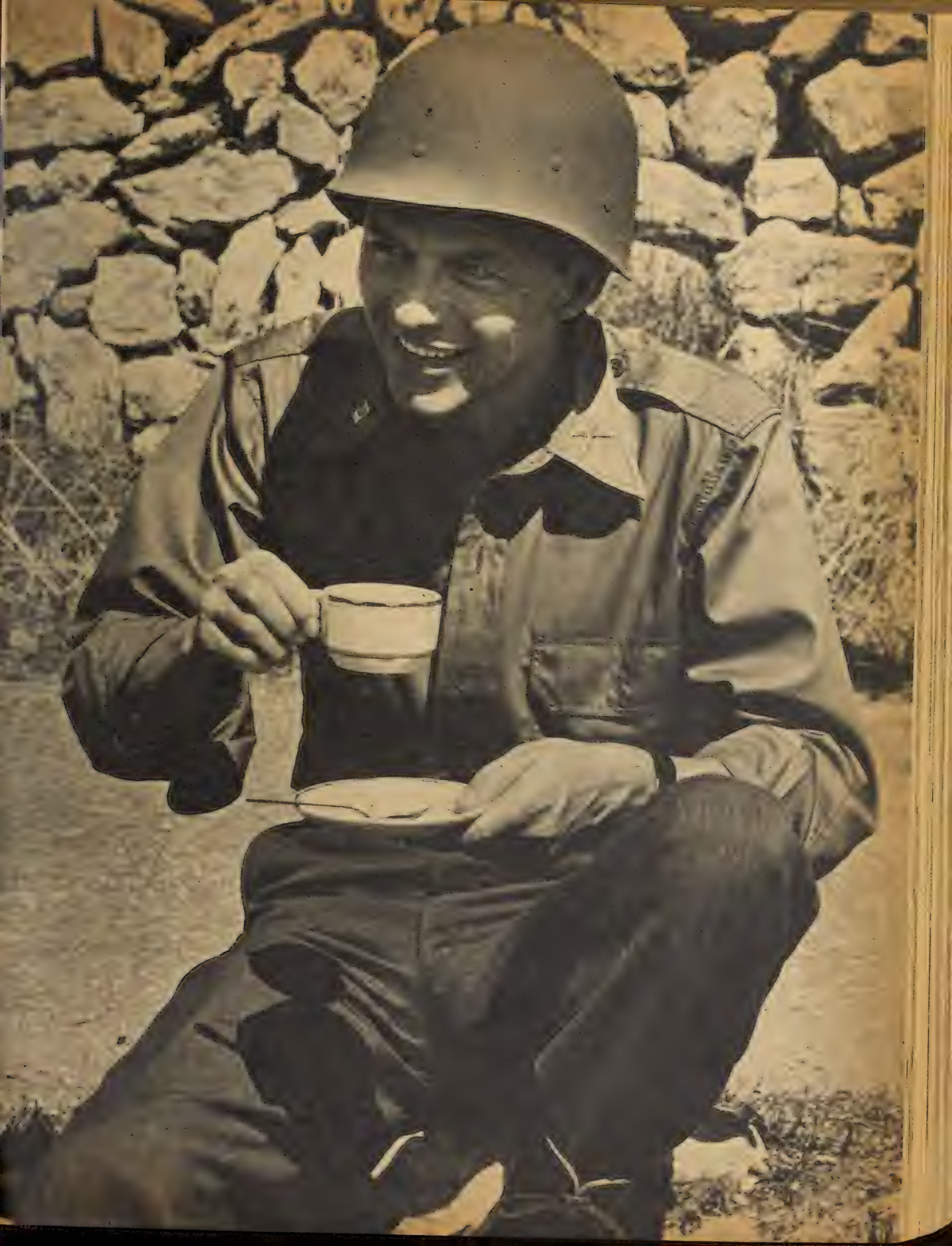
**WITH** producer Frank Ross as his companion and a jeep to get around in, Sinatra explores those very tricky French roads.

**ADULTS** and youngsters, like their American counterparts, love to collect autographs and Frank is happy to oblige them.



**SITTING** in the shadows of the set, Frank takes a minute for coffee. **END**









photos by John Engstead, Globe



# America's sweetheart—again

*The nation's favorite moppet is now the narrator of NBC-TV's  
"Shirley Temple's Storybook" and an extraordinary young woman*

By NANCY ANDERSON

YOUNG Mr. Black looked at young Mrs. Black and grinned broadly. Slowly, swept by a constant recurring wave of wonder, he shook his head. . . . still smiling.

"She's marvelous, absolutely marvelous," he thought. "There's nobody anywhere like this amazing, dimpled, wonderful girl I married. She can do anything. Command anything. And, yet here she waits like one of the children, asking for my permission."

Young Mr. Black pushed his chair from the dinner table and considered the pleasant, hospitable room in which he'd dined. She'd done it. . . . all the decorating. His Shirley, a licensed decorator, had personally planned each detail of his smart surroundings. He remembered with enthusiasm the excellent dinner just concluded. Again, Shirley was responsible. Why, she and the children had even grown the vegetables in the salad.

Yes, she's marvelous, he concluded. She's a decorator, cook, club woman, loving mother, chic companion, wise friend, and my wife. And to millions who don't know her half so well, theater-goers all over the world—she's a symbol who represents movie-making at its greatest. She's their incomparable sweetheart, Shirley Temple, ex-child star.

"Well," said young Mrs. Black to her husband, interrupting his flight of thought, "do you think it will be all right? For business reasons it's important that I go to New York but, unless you and the children are sure it will be all right, I just won't do it."

Shirley looked a little stubborn at this point, and she meant exactly what she said. Business or no business, her family came first. Managers might rave, network brass plead, and sponsors fidget, but without her family's wholehearted approval, Shirley Temple Black wasn't budging a foot from her happy San Francisco peninsula home.

"Of course you can go to New York," Mr. Black encouraged. "You'll only be gone for four days, and we'll be fine."

And thus, in typical fashion, the star of one of NBC's biggest shows made a business decision.

"A husband should always come first," Shirley firmly declares. "When a woman puts any interest, career or anything else,

*continued on page 26*



**THERE'S** a kind of nostalgia in seeing Shirley as a grown mother of three: Susan, 10, Charles Jr., 6, Lori, 4.



*She's back in the entertainment world but Shirley places being a wife and mother above everything, says: "My family is first"*



**LORI**, the littlest member of the Black family, is only 4. In looks she is a lot like the famous youngster who is now "mommy."

**MRS. Charles Black**, alias Shirley Temple, loves to live the life domestic and handle most of the details of running a home.

before her husband, she's asking for trouble. He's the important member of the family, and when there's a conflict between my family and career . . . the conflict dissolves. My family is first."

And well, indeed, do magazine writers know this. Shirley, because of her haste to get back to her family from every television assignment, is one of the hardest persons in the entertainment field to see. Before she even considered her new role, that of narrator and occasional star of "Shirley Temple's Storybook," she made it amply clear that no television or publicity commitment could infringe upon her domestic concerns.

"Ever since I made my last picture in 1949," Shirley explains, "I've gotten offers from time to time to appear in pictures or on television, but I wasn't tempted because Charles and the children are much more important to me than acting."

"Gradually producers came to understand my feelings, so, before I was approached about the 'Storybook,' a contract was worked out that would meet my requirements. I go to Los Angeles only three days a month."

"Terms of the contract are so liberal, in fact, that my husband didn't object at all. If he had, I wouldn't have accepted the offer."

"Really, I am extremely lucky. I have an opportunity to be with my children and do the things I enjoy at home and still keep in touch with acting."

Shirley strongly supports the adage, "the woman's place is in the home," yet refuses to be inflexible.

"Each case is different," she says. "Of course, when a woman has to work to feed her family, there's no question about what she should do. Otherwise, I think a woman







**UNLIKE** some former child stars, Shirley says: "I had a marvelous childhood. I wish my children could have all the things I had."

should stay at-home with her children most of the time.

"Among my friends, however, there are several women who are as lucky as I. They have careers that take only part of their time. Some, for example, teach while their children are in school. Others are in creative fields like design and have variable schedules. They are able to exercise special talents and still be full-time mothers."

The mother who works just to give her child luxuries, Shirley argues, is only fooling herself. No luxury, she contends, equals a mother's companionship and attention.

When slim, energetic Mrs. Black talks about her domestic obligations, she's not talking about playing the hostess at smart dinner parties or supervising the maid. She's talking about running the vacuum, washing dishes, hoeing the garden, and washing windows.

"And that," she says in reference to window washing, "is the job I like least. I think the windows are clean, then I stand back and look out through them, and they are all streaked. Honestly, I think washing windows is boys' work."

"I've always done all my own housekeeping, but, since October, I've had to have some help so that I could go to Los Angeles for television shows."

While claiming no especial enthusiasm for scouring the sink or scrubbing the linoleum, Shirley insists she likes to

work in the kitchen and, of course, she is a competent cook.

"Luckily," she smiles, casting a quick glance at her trim 107 pounds, "I don't have to diet. We eat meat and potatoes and green vegetables. About the only way I can think of that I save calories is by seldom eating desserts. We simply don't care for sweets. The children are fond of fruit, so we usually have that."

"Oh, certainly," she concedes, "they like ice cream, but we only have it occasionally."

Shirley, her husband and three children, live unpretentiously. The decor of their comfortable home is contemporary but not belligerently so. Modern pieces in black teak, white, and neutral tones dominate the living room and dining room but companionably blend with a few beloved antiques.

"I like to change decor like some women change hats," Shirley confides, smiling serenely upon her present decorative scheme. "There was a time when I was enchanted by French Provincial and used a lot of that. Then I went to Early American, but now we find that modern furniture is best for us."

Before jealous readers can gasp at the thought of throwing out a house full of furniture to make room for new, Shirley sets the record straight.

"Goodness, no, I don't throw everything out whenever I get

*continued on page 61*



*Alike and yet opposites, Tony and Shelley  
are two intensely alive people whose  
magnetic attraction for each other is:*

# Love on a high wire



**IN** spite of the cynics, the Winters-Franciosa marriage appears to be a happy one.

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

**A** LITTLE over a year ago, on May 4, 1957, to be exact, a group of reporters surrounded Anthony Franciosa during a break in the shooting of "Wild Is The Wind" in Nevada.

"Miss Winters and I have no intention of getting married while I'm working here," Anthony said. "She is in Hollywood at the present time and unable to visit me."

At that particular moment, Shelley was sitting behind drawn blinds in the motel Paramount had rented for Tony on location. She had arrived by plane earlier in the afternoon. Later that day—at 9:30 p.m.—they were married by a Justice of the Peace who didn't recognize them.

Their friends were amazed. It was the climax of a two-year romance that had been called tempestuous. It was the beginning of a no-one-would-swear-forever marriage that was shadowed by two great arguments, each diametrically opposed. They are too different, was one argument. They are too much alike, was the other.

A whole, eventful year has passed and the odds for survival have risen to fifty-fifty which, considering the divorce rate everywhere in the land, is a marvelous concession on the part of Doubting Thomases.

"Tony and Shelley will save their marriage by 'analysis,'" is the latest, vague report on a happy marriage that threatens to become even more so as the anniversaries roll by.

In this age of psychoanalysis, it seems wildly uninformed to claim that love is the reason. Let's say, at least, that love is the power that has blended two very unique and individual people into a harmonious couple. The reason this was possible is more involved.

Are Shelley and Tony really as different from each other as night and day? It seemed that

*continued on page 30*









**NEVER** a very relaxed young man, Tony's rise to stardom, with its loss of personal privacy, seemed to increase his inner tensions.

way to a lot of observers during their romance. The obvious difference was their ages—Shelley is five years older. There was next the question of their careers—Shelley was a star, Tony was unknown. They met on Broadway when both were appearing in "A Hatful Of Rain." For Shelley, it was the triumph of a famous Hollywood actress; for Tony, it was the beginning of what one could only hope would be a brilliant career. Then there was the question of personality. Shelley was the blonde bombshell who turned every conversation into an explosive battle of wits, and reveled in being quoted. Tony was then considered shy and reticent.

"It is possible to get to know him," a director said, "but it would take a long time. He has fenced himself in. And it's a very high fence."

To top it all, before Tony and Shelley ever met, they apparently did not admire each other. "No, I didn't like her," Tony has said. "Not because she was Shelley, but because she was one of those 'Hollywood broads.' I guess I must have repeated that to someone—because the next thing I knew it came back to me that she had labeled me one of those

'Actors Studio creeps . . .'" (And the *next* thing anyone knew, Shelley was enrolled at the Actors Studio while Tony Franciosa, proud possessor of a flashy Thunderbird, had become a Hollywood star.)

As even a short term of married life was to prove, the differences between them were not only skin deep, but interchangeable. Shelley and Tony seemed, naturally, in the deepest parts of themselves, very much alike.

The only rigid difference was in their ages. Well, maybe she'll mother him, people thought. That's one way to make it work. Tony, himself, has a comment about wives of any age and it is: "The way I see it, a wife regards her husband half the time the way a mother looks at her favorite son. The other half of the time she's just a woman who's gone on a guy." The way people have seen Shelley—she is just gone on the guy.

Back in 1954, it was Shelley who allegedly flung a glass of whiskey at a nightclub photographer when he wanted to take a picture of her and Farley Granger. Back in 1957, it was Shelley's fiancé, Tony, who snapped at a photographer,



*"If I don't impose discipline on myself, my feelings will run away with themselves"*



**A YEAR** of marriage to Shelley *has* changed Tony in many ways and vice versa. He's now starring in "The Long Hot Summer."

"If you take my picture, I'm going to kick that camera into your face." It was Shelley who stood by in petrified silence during the subsequent brawl. "Mama" was hardly visible.

One night, before they were married, Shelley asked Tony to drive her home from a party. He slipped into the driver's seat. The car lurched away from the curb and barely avoided crashing into another car. After two blocks of near catastrophe, Shelley said, "You've never driven before, have you?" "No," said Tony. They switched seats, and Shelley's only comment was that it would be a good idea to take driving lessons and get a license. "Mama" would have delivered a lecture along with three demerits.

It may have been true that Tony's behavior was immature on both occasions, but it would be stupid to twist Shelley's maturity into an argument against her five-year edge on him. And it's obvious that, in public at least, Shelley leans on Tony, bows to his decision as the final one and has always put his career far ahead of hers in importance. All this has much more to do with being a good wife than a good mother. A good mother she is—to her school age daughter, Victoria.

Is it possible that Shelley and Tony are too much alike? Once, when they had a date to meet in a New York restaurant, Shelley was late. Tony tried to reach her by phone. When there was no answer he tore the phone book apart. And Shelley's tardy appearance was a signal for him to blow his top. (That sounds like the old Shelley.)

"If I don't impose discipline on myself," Tony, himself, has said, "my feelings will run away with themselves."

The friends who've analyzed him since he's become a celebrity have reversed the "reticent" tag. They compare him, instead, to dynamite, to a locomotive at full speed, to a spoiled child—all of which descriptions suited Shelley to a T when she was at the peak of her Hollywood career.

Surely, two such dynamos can only explode if brought together. But the fact is, Shelley isn't that way any more. She says she never really was.

She claims she hasn't made any movies recently because the studios still think of her as a blonde bombshell. "I never felt like a blonde bombshell and I'm not one," she recently told columnist Joe Hyams. "I have a kind of earthy sexuality

*continued on page 60*



*to the*  
**NORTH  
AFRICA**





# The perils of Mitzi

*Crises never phase her,  
she's had enough in  
her life to rival the old-time  
melodramas and now  
there is a Gaynor rule  
for facing up to them*

**BEHIND** Mitzi are months of work on "South Pacific." Now, a vacation, but where?



**THEY'RE** happy because Mitzi and Jack Bean feel marriage means sharing.

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

**A**T THE school picnic at Belle Isle, outside Detroit, the second-graders waited excitedly to ride in the pony cart. Herded into line, those in back couldn't see the cart's progress around the riding-track; a hedge at each side shut off their view. Straining to see, they kept pushing those in front. Finally, pert seven-year-old Mitzi Gerber reached the head of the line. She watched the cart circle the track, come closer and closer to the starting-point.

Her heart pounded. On the next trip, she would be riding.

As the pony trotted toward her, only yards away, she squealed with anticipation. So did the others around her. This triggered a mass shove from those back of them.

Mitzi must have been off-balance. Perhaps she was jumping up and down. Anyway, the sudden push from behind shot her forward. One foot caught on someone's leg. She tripped and fell, onto the track, right in front of the pony.

The frightened animal reared up, and when momentum sent its hooves crashing down, one landed on the face of the fallen child. . . .

In blinding, agonizing pain Mitzi was rushed to a hospital. They asked her where they could reach her mother. She pleaded, "Don't call her. She'd be upset if I hadn't taken care of myself."

However, they had to call Mrs. Gerber. Mitzi was to be in the hospital for days—in danger of losing her right eye. Miraculously, the eye was saved, and today only a tiny scar at the outer edge remains as evidence of the near-tragedy.

But that seven-year-old's instinctive reaction to pain—that it was something she should try to keep to herself—was a clue to the girl who was to become Mitzi Gaynor. A girl with a fierce belief that she should be equal to any crises that might confront her.

At the age of seven, and even earlier, she had a problem that few children face.

Many young girls like to dance. Many dream of someday being famous dancers. But Mitzi Gerber knew, instinctively, what it would take to make such a dream come true.

With a father who was an orchestra conductor, and a mother who had once been a singer, it was only natural that Mitzi should have music and rhythm in her blood—and that her parents should enroll her in a Saturday-afternoon ballet class for beginners.

But that wasn't enough for Mitzi. She wanted ballet every afternoon, not just Saturday afternoons.

That worried her parents. If she took ballet every afternoon after school as well as Saturdays, she would never be able to play as other children played.

Her parents pointed this out to her. She understood. She didn't care if

*continued on page 34*



*Her future has never looked brighter so Mitzi, with a "let's-get-away-from-it-all" feeling, plans a well-earned vacation*



IN a holiday mood, the Beans browse through a record shop where the clerk asks Mitzi to sign the "South Pacific" album.

she couldn't play. She wanted to be a dancer. That was more important.

So, head-on, she met the problem of loneliness, of "being different." She was sure, somehow, that she could take care of the problem. And she did.

Looking back, she says today, "I don't know anyone who had a happier childhood. Every day I had something to do that I *wanted* to do."

When she was 12, her ballet teacher, Madame Etienne, decided to move from Detroit to Los Angeles.

Desolated by the news, Mitzi couldn't imagine life without Madame Etienne, who had taught her so much and, because of faith in her future, had so much more to teach her. And her parents, who had seen Mitzi's all-out dedication to dancing for half her young life, knew that such a separation would be a near-tragedy to her. Something that might darken the rest of her life.

So it was agreed that Mrs. Gerber and Mitzi would also go to Los Angeles to live—at least for a while—so that Mitzi could continue her studies with Madame Etienne.

The feeling that all this might be only temporary gave Mitzi a new sense of crisis. And, characteristically, she met it head-on.

Although she was only 12, she looked 16. And everyone said she was a wonderful ballet dancer. So why couldn't she try to get a job? If she did get a job, that would ease the financial strain. Then she would be sure the lessons could continue . . .

She went to audition after audition. If a role called for a 17-year-old ballerina, she was told she was "too young." If a role called for a ballerina who could look like a child, she was "too mature."

But finally, when she was 13, she made a start at having a professional career. By convincing a casting director that she was 14, she was signed to travel with a USO troupe from camp to camp.

The next year, she finally achieved a goal she had been trying to reach ever since her arrival in Los Angeles. Producer Edwin Lester, auditioning for dancers for the Los Angeles Civic Opera Company, didn't send her away—as usual—with the verdict that she was "too young." He hired her for the *corps de ballet*.

THAT was the lowliest job in the company. But getting it made her the happiest girl in the company—except for one thing. They might find out how young she was. They might not let her stay.

Mitzi knew only one way to fight that danger: to work so hard that they wouldn't think of letting her go.

That strategy paid off—only to bring on another problem.

The ingenue of the show (it was "Song Of Norway") dropped out. And Producer Lester, looking over the available talent, plucked Mitzi out of the *corps de ballet* to be the replacement.

She was the newest member of the troupe. All the others had been together for some time. So, when she was picked for the plum part of the second lead, she was an immediate victim of resentment. She was walled off from the others by icy silence, by turns-of-the-back as she approached. No one spoke to her for a month.

In any walk of life, that would be a hard-to-weather situation for any sensitive 14-year-old girl.

Mitzi didn't know what to do except to withdraw into a

*continued on page 62*





**CATALINA** or Europe? Well, Mitzi wants to see the world and with her powers of persuasion it's not difficult to guess who won.





By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

"A GREAT many women . . . at least American women . . . don't seem to know how much they can help their husbands when the husbands are involved in strenuous work. Veronique knows."

So said Gregory Peck, with one amused eyebrow lifted. "The French are very practical people, especially the French women. And my wife is French."

Presently involved in really "strenuous work," what with recently winding up his independent production (his first) of "The Big Country," which he produced in conjunction with William Wyler, and going immediately into "The Bravados," which is to be made in Mexico, with only

# Life with a French wife

*Many American women could learn a lot from Veronique's Gallic touch; she has a way with her that's made quite a change in Greg's world*



**FORMERLY** a Paris newswriter, Greg's Veronique is very French, very feminine, and very content in the role of his wife.

a few days between the pictures, Peck further commented, "Things can get really rugged, but it does help to have an understanding wife."

The "understanding wife," of course, is the former Veronique Passani, a writer for a Paris newspaper whom Greg met on a trip abroad and whom he married on December 31, 1955. A very beautiful and talented girl.

The two have recently bought a dream home near Hollywood, a home with large grounds, a big garden, a view and what Greg calls "a feeling of the country." But the really important part of that home is "the wing," the self-contained, small, apartment-like section of the house which is their very own, designed for privacy, for their life together.

"This," says Greg, "is our own haven. Here I have a study which I can mess up with books and scripts as much as I like. We have a bedroom, a sitting room, two baths, all the privacy that two people could want and that two people very often need. We can simply shut the door . . . and shut out the entire world."

"I do a great deal of my work at home, although I have an office in Hollywood. I study my lines here, arrange business deals, see many of the people whom I need to see. And Veronique sees to it that I can do these things in peace. That is very important to me . . . that peace . . ."

"Because when we are at home, we really want to stay here. We travel a good deal, you know, and we get all the night club business and cafe going and party activities out of our systems. So when we are at home, we take it rather seriously. Family life seems very important."

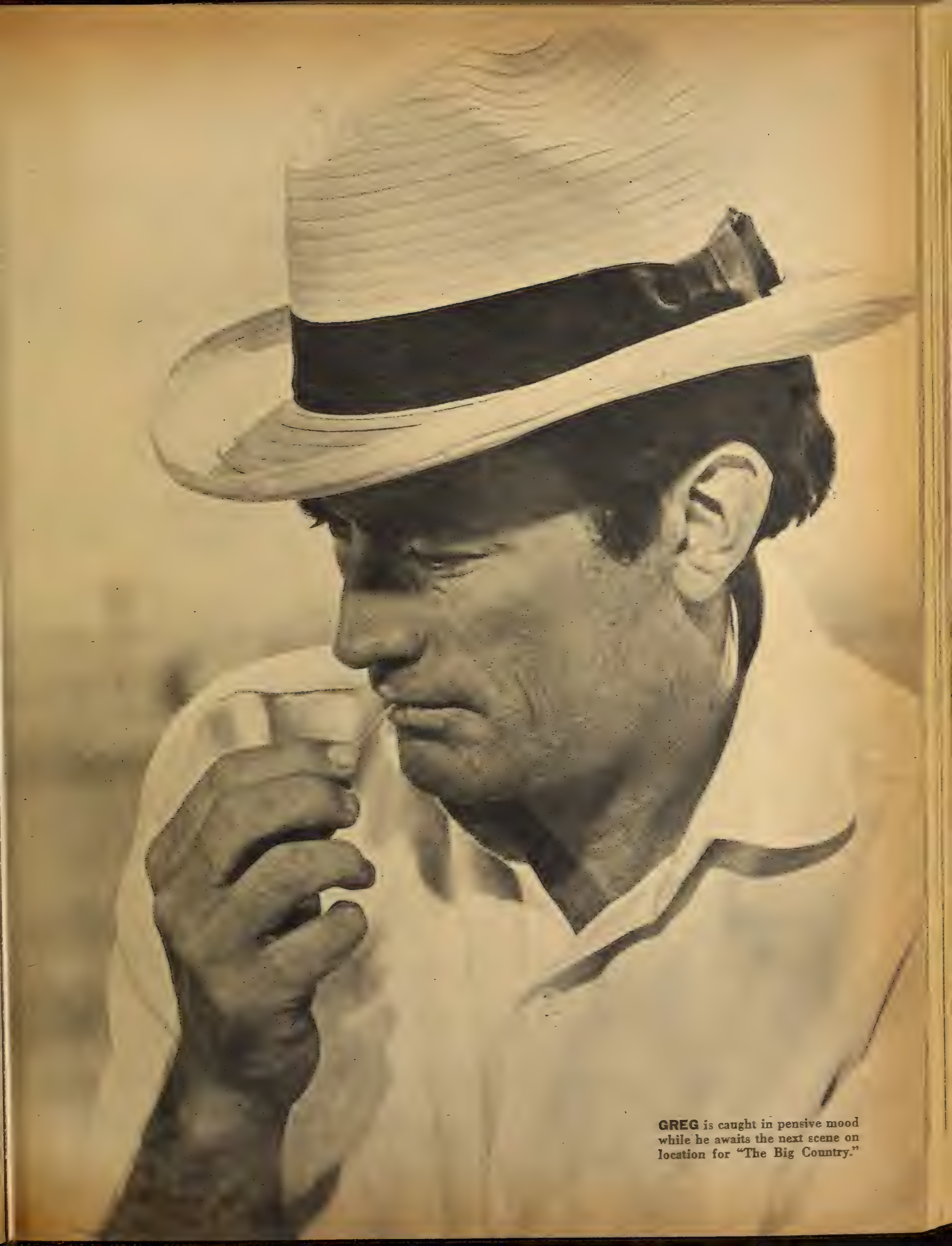
The "family life" Greg mentions reaches a sort of climax in the late afternoon when he knocks off his work for the day and he and Veronique gather with the children in the big living room of the main part of the house. The children are their own Anthony (aged 18 months) and Greg's three sons by his first wife who live with their mother just a mile or so down the road and who spend a great deal of time with Greg and Veronique.

Friends drop in during this noisy children's hour, some of them to stay for dinner, and a right rousing time is had by all, especially young Anthony who, according to his father, "seems to hoard his energy and his lung power for this particular time of day!"

But with all the merriment and peace which Greg values so much,

*continued on page 38*





**GREG** is caught in pensive mood while he awaits the next scene on location for "The Big Country."



*The hectic pace of Greg's tight picture schedule can be pretty rugged, but as he says, "It helps to have an understanding wife"*

Veronique is in the background, keeping the wheels of the household running smoothly, managing everything—managing *Greg*, with such a lack of apparent effort that Peck is amazed when he thinks about it.

"It *must* be a lot of work," he marvels. "Yet I am never conscious of her working at it at all. I don't see how she does it with so little fuss and bother. I never see her doing anything about anything . . . menus or cleaning or whatever housewives do. If there is ever any fuss or friction, I am not aware of it."

He paused a moment and then said, "There is a cliché about a wife being one's 'better half.' In my case this definitely has a basis in reality. Veronique *is*."

"You see, as I see it, it's this way. The husband may have the energy and the drive to accomplish something but he may depend . . . completely . . . on his wife for a saving sense of humor, a perspective to help him make decisions, to relieve tensions. That's the way it is at our house."

"I may blow my top completely at something which has happened at the studio but I suddenly realize that Veronique is smiling, that she actually sees something funny about this crisis of mine . . . and the crisis will suddenly dissolve. Common sense, tinged and mellowed by that smile, will prevail and everything will fall into focus, be back on an even keel, without my knowing exactly how it happened."

"So . . . we talk over our problems. *My* problems, mostly."

I couldn't begin to tell you how many times we have discussed things which seemed serious to me and which somehow lost their seriousness when Veronique brought her humor and her grace to bear on them. Everything suddenly came clear. It's a wonderful feeling."

But Veronique does not confine herself to running a smooth and peaceful household and having helpful chats with her husband. As Greg says, "The French are a practical race . . . especially the women . . . and Veronique is no exception."

She watches his diet and can be charmingly stern about it on occasion. Greg enjoys fine foods and wines as much as the next man and he is inclined to indulge himself a trifle when he is between pictures, as who wouldn't? But since he is known on the screen as a tall and lean person, he sometimes has to take off a bit of weight before a picture starts. That's where Veronique takes over.

"Just now," he reported, "she has me on a diet which seems mostly to consist of lean meat and cottage cheese with some lettuce tossed in here and there. And d'you know I *like* it! It isn't so much, I guess, that I actually enjoy the diet as it is that I like the feeling that she is taking the trouble to plan it for me, to make it as palatable as possible, that she is, in a sense, 'taking care of me.' I think any man likes that feeling, his wife's regard for him and for his health and even his figure!"

"It must be a forlorn feeling to have a wife who doesn't

*continued on page 69*

**WHILE** on location in Stockton, California, for "The Big Country," Greg found time to record an interview for a local radio station.







**TOP BRASS:** Co-producers Greg Peck and William Wyler, who is also the director, appear to be enjoying their talk with Jean Simmons.



**GREG** pauses between conferences with Wyler to introduce his Veronique to another "location wife," Mrs. Chuck Conners.





**THE MOOD** of "Hot Spell" is on the serious side so Shirley just can't resist cutting up a bit, which is her way of relaxing between takes.





**FROM** Shirley Booth, who's her mother in the film, Shirley M. learned a great deal.

**SHIRLEY MACLAINE**

# Candidly Shirley

*On the set of "Hot Spell,"  
the expressive MacLaine  
features ran the gamut from a  
serious concentration  
to an air of comic relief*



**IT'S** easy to tell by Shirley's deadpan how she feels when interruptions occur at work.  
*continued on page 42*



*An actress must prove her versatility or she will be "typed" and Shirley, aware of this, shows she has what it takes*



**THE** weather is on the chilly side until Shirley and the cast get to work acting-wise and then it's a believable "Hot Spell."



**SITTING** quietly with her thoughts, a very tired Shirley shows the strain of a real hard day's work in the Hal Wallis picture.





**THAT** sharp clowning instinct that is a part of Shirley comes out again during a session with her make-up kit and mirror. **END**



# "My friend, Jim Garner"



By JACK KELLY  
as told to Jerry Asher

*"You learn a lot about a man when you work together as often as we do," says Bart Maverick of his TV brother Bret*

A FEW weeks after James Garner bounced into the TV world in the sensational "Maverick" series, he was called for his first interview with a national publication.

"Please give me a detailed description," urged his interrogator, "of what you do on a typical day off." Jim's eyes twinkled. His poker face never changed expression.

"A typical day off!" he dead-panned. "What's *that*?"

Not to coin a phrase, many a true word is spoken in jest. A basic day for my gambling friend consisted of 14 straight and strenuous hours, 5 days a week. On Saturday, he studied the script for the following week's show and, on Sunday, he rested up for Monday. Now working against such a lop-sided schedule would cause any honest hombre to bite the dust and they had to round up relief. When it became the partial problem for the producers of the popular Sunday night series to write-in a newly-acquired brother, that is when I galloped onto the scene.

As usual, there was a variety of versions of the way the Mavericks became brothers. For the record, I'd like to tell how it *really* happened. According to one report, Jim didn't take to the idea of sharing the spotlight. That rumor is a heap of hog-wash. Jim is so full of good spirit I don't think a fibre in him justifies not liking anyone. I know that I could never conceive such a thing happening. I'm sure it was and is his intention to be the better actor of the two and I'm equally sure this is

*continued on page 46*



**THE THREE** women in Jim Garner's life are his wife Lois, step-daughter Kimberly, and newly-arrived Greta.







*"Jim's learned to be realistic about everything . . . he makes the best of what life has to offer and never expects anything for free"*

my intention. To deny it, is ridiculous. To sum it up, it is our personal incentive and mutual goal to become better actors through "Maverick."

Jim actually didn't care *who* got the job, as long as he got out from under now and then. When I walked on the set to do a screen test for the role, he was so bushed it was etched on his face and I thought he gave a huge sigh of relief. At any rate, the more I thought about the "Maverick" format, the better I liked it. As additional inducement, there was every indication that working with Jim Garner would present no problems—and I was so right! Popularity and fame for the future were at my doorstep, if I cut the mustard. Being well aware of this when I made my decision, in a sense I was visibly nervous. This is when I first discovered that Jim is a wonderful, easy-going guy, who always puts everyone completely at ease.

My first day, like any first job, was a balloon of misgivings. When I walked on the set, Jim stuck out his hand and said: "Welcome to ulcer-ville!" The tension lessened—and we became brothers. It was as simple as that. From then on, Jim's cascade of humor saved many a situation that could have thrown me. If you could see the daily rushes, you'd know what I mean about Jim's humor. He rarely blows a line, but when he does, he has a cute, sly way of tossing in an aside that's terrific. Needless to say, they aren't always in "character," which is why you don't hear them!

My number one problem was to manifest Bart Maverick by understanding what made him tick. In terms of suggestions, Jim offered his own understanding of such completeness, and it really bolstered me. The nature of his personality is such that Jim has his own characterization down pat. Because he always approaches it with newness and orig-

inality, his Bret Maverick rides into the hearts and homes of millions of viewers, with fresh appeal.

By now it's been firmly established that Jim was a veritable soldier of fortune, who summed up his restless roving thus: "In real life, I always quit a job when I got bored and started out searching all over again." This inner-urge provoked by an outer calm, I believe, is one of the great secrets of Jim's charm. There's a bit of the drifter in most of us and something comes through in his performances that identifies him with his followers.

Although I've heard that Jim has a wallop temper, he's obviously learned to control it. I've never seen him lose his head or raise his voice. To the contrary, he gets the best results through railery. Of course, he can't be pushed around and he can be firm. This is because he knows what he wants and is quick to speak up in a well-defined way. I guess I can only recall one time when he was anything less than his unassuming, amiable self.

One Monday morning he walked on the set with a lost sort of look on his face, which was very unusual for him. It didn't affect his work, but he seemed to be surrounded by an invisible wall and everyone was curious and concerned. Between takes Jim hung on the telephone and, in typical fashion, whatever his misgivings, he kept them to himself. Finally, toward the end of the day, he became his affable self again.

It was Jack Casey, TV-public relations man for Warner Bros., who let us in on the deal.

"Jim will probably have my hide for telling you this," Jack grinned, "but he's a sentimental guy and especially about his wedding ring. Over this last week-end, he flew to Philadelphia for a personal appearance and it was a very

*continued on page 72*



**HE'S** a "children's man" and wherever there are kids you'll find Jim, whose step-daughter Kim can persuade him to do almost anything.

**"JIM** will never lose his modesty," says Jack, "and his background is the reason, for he remembers those empty pockets of his early days."







DEBORAH KERR:



**LOVELY** Deborah has been happily married for 13 years to TV producer Tony Bartley.

# Her halo never was

*"Lady Kerr" is a title that just doesn't fit Deborah, for she's as mischievous as the twinkle in her eyes with a taste for getting the spice out of life*

By FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

**B**ACK some years ago, when Deborah Kerr was starring in an English film, "The Adventuress," the filming took place on the barren, rocky Isle of Man. The Manxmen, as the citizens there are known, are people who favor ancient superstitions, and it is their pleasure to admit the existence of fairies, elves and leprechauns. When they had to pass a certain bridge, they would take off their caps to the unseen spirits and murmur politely, "Good morning, Fairies." Otherwise, something terrible might occur.

The work of the "Adventuress" company usually led past this hallowed bridge. Every member of the filming group went along with the local superstition—except one: Miss Deborah Kerr. She just wasn't having any part of it. But Deborah's native driver declined to take Miss Kerr across the bridge until she, too, showed the proper respect toward the Little People. Production was more or less at a standstill. Just how long the wheels would have remained idle is hard to tell, but one day, at the height of the conflict, there was a thunderstorm and the rain clouds poured buckets. That was all Frank Laudner, the English director, needed.

"Deborah," he commanded, "say 'Good morning' to the fairies!"

"Very well," Deborah grudgingly muttered. "'Good morning, Fairies'—I think you're all daft!"

The rain ceased and the sun beat down. But Deborah was not impressed. She still does not believe in fairies.

Miss Kerr, today, is just as irrepressible.

On her dressing room door, during the recent filming of "Separate Tables," she one day wickedly tacked up a photograph of herself as the girl she plays in the movie. It showed a dowdy, inhibited young Englishwoman, wearing heavy-rimmed glasses that made her out the drabest kind of ugly duckling. There was none of the glowing Kerr loveliness that many stricken male devotees have so long sighed over. Instead of looking, as she normally does, as "effervescent as a fresh-popped bottle of champagne," Miss Kerr gave off all the sparkle of a split of gingerale that has been standing around, capless, for a week.

She looked, in short, plain, plain, plain.

It was not surprising, then, that she should tack up this portrait of herself, and above it, hand letter a legend that showed who *she* thought was responsible for making nice girls unhappy. The legend read:

**I BLAME MEN!**

For a doll whose natural coloring is such "that it could have reduced Renoir to a quivering jelly," Deborah was obviously enjoying her role as a frump. But her fun-loving proclivities surprise only those unacquainted with her or her ability to make even a lowly scrabble game a kind of mad romp. Not that she lacks seriousness. She can play the *grande dame* if she has to, but she prefers to conduct her life without that tiara on her head. She has an earthy, lusty laugh that makes those around her aware that

*continued on page 50*







*She loves a joke, even when the laugh's on her, for a sense of humor keeps Deborah's sense of balance in the movie world*



**THE ROLE** of the ugly duckling in "Separate Tables" is quite a change for Deborah whose beauty gave the make-up men a hard time.

she loves a joke, even when it is on her. Glamour, she knows, is wonderful and part of the profession of stardom. But beyond that, she does not take the Hollywood variety of s-e-x too seriously.

Characteristic of Deborah's own attitude towards those who too long thought of her as glacial, is an incident that reportedly took place in New York, just after Miss Kerr had appeared on a well-known TV show. Up to Deborah strode a stout, craggy woman in no-nonsense shoes.

"Miss Kerr," announced the lady, "I have always admired you."

Deborah was gracious as usual. "Thank you," she said.

"Yes, and I'll tell you why," the woman plowed on. "I am the movie censor for my state. And I have never had to cut so much as a foot from one of your pictures."

"Oh," Deborah protested, "how terribly *dull*!"

To go back a little in time, it is undeniably true that the portrait of Miss Kerr as "a lady" without a sign of fleshly yearnings was created largely by the kind of pictures she was tossed into when she first arrived from England. "I wore a halo of decorum and I was about as exciting as an oyster," she has said. "The studio didn't think I had any cheesecake. I was considered merely anemic and genteel." She was rated so lacking in explosive power that even some of the crew on her first picture felt sorry for her.

The story goes that she was dreadfully nervous while making tests with Clark Gable for "The Hucksters." She was certain the tests were bad, and this despite the fact that she was already a big star in England. "I remember," says Deborah, "that I was in my dressing room feeling nice and miserable all by myself. The wardrobe girl happened to walk in. She saw how dejected I was. 'Never mind, dearie,' she said. 'Even if you don't get the part, it was worth traveling 5,000 miles just to be kissed by that handsome Mr. Gable.'"

When, after a long succession of lack-lustre parts, Deborah was given the role of Karen, the man-hungry captain's wife in "From Here To Eternity," Hollywood was astonished. The entire British colony turned out to congratulate her when the news spread that Deborah Kerr "was finally going to show her legs." Asked by a reporter why she had never before posed for cheesecake art, Deborah giggled. "Nobody," she said, "ever asked me. I'm tickled to death that they finally got around to it."

**B**UT even more than this, a remark that Deborah made about that time demonstrates with what sauciness Miss Kerr wore her halo. Discussing "Eternity" with a friend, and her husband's possible reaction to it, Deborah mused, "I wonder if I'll surprise Tony as Karen?" Then she smiled wickedly. "No, I guess not."

Quite possibly, for a long time, Deborah herself was at least partially responsible for the Kerr legend. She was too happily married to make headlines. "I am the despair of the publicity department," she once said. "Week after week goes by and nothing sensational happens to me. I'm an enthusiastic gardener, but what can you make, newswise, out of that?"

She would never fight for a better dressing room, because, as she put it, "you can't see it in a movie": she was neither superstitious nor a slave to phobias, "though I can't say I'm fond of snakes"; and, even more, she was





**DEBORAH** is one actress down-to-earth enough to dispel the "lady" myth with fervor while retaining an innate sense of dignity.

**DAUGHTERS** Francesca, 6 (here), and Melanie, 9, have inherited Deborah's candor and ability to have a lot of fun.



a lady so good-natured that "she would put up with anything except rice pudding." On the surface, at least, she was, as she herself joked, "one of those rather tiresome English girls."

But on the surface only. The real Deborah Kerr was yet another story.

Deborah is not the kind of girl who greets an interviewer with, "A terribly funny thing happened to me on the way to the studio this morning—" It takes a bit of digging to discover her, but the excavation, it must be said, is worth the effort. There was the time when Hollywood's addiction to pinning exotic labels on its stars—The Body, The Bosom, The Face or The Tonsils—brought a characteristic Kerr retort. A studio press agent once suggested to Deborah that she wear wide-brimmed hats all the time so he could announce to the world that she had to protect her

*continued on page 70*



# Triumph of a daredevil

*He will do what he thinks is  
right no matter what,  
for the courage of his convictions  
has gotten James Darren  
just where he wanted to be*

By TEX MADDOX

**H**I THERE, cynics! If your courage has cracked, here is a fine moment to banish the blues by considering this extraordinary case of Hollywood's newest discovery.

Times are tough in movieland. But this young newcomer didn't get where he is today by drowning dreams in self-pity. How he refused to be defeated along the way, and is now enjoying enormously the good luck he created, will inspire you to kick aside the self-imposed chains that keep you in a rut!

James Darren is the name he adopted for his acting career. He was told he needed something easier to pronounce than James Ercolani. That's what he was formally christened in Philadelphia, where he was born 22 years ago this June 8th. Physical statistics include these: he's a handsome guy who lacks one inch of being six feet tall. He has a muscular build that marks him as much male. And when he puts a melting look in his big brown eyes, the sternest female starts sighing over him. When he chooses his taunting glances, however, the opposite sex is wildly frustrated.

He didn't become a movie star, a truly happy husband, and a devoted dad so young by just drifting, you soon find out. Jimmy clicks because he's always had plans and he's never taken seriously any suggestion that he suppress the ones that hold up as sensible to him. Habitually, he's dared to persist despite dire warnings; once he's made up his mind, he won't stop.

"Sure, this irks people who have other ideas!" he exclaims. "But why should anyone else live your life for you?"

Both his parents are far from show business. His father is a tailor; his mother, a seamstress. They had to work long hours to give Jimmy and Johnny, his brother, who's 18 months younger,

*continued on page 55*



**MARRIED** to his childhood sweetheart, Jim and Gloria are the proud parents of a baby boy.







**ORIGINALLY** Jim's ambition was to be a singer and he still feels he would like nothing better than to be a warbling movie cowboy.





**PAPA** Darren wants a large family "to enjoy while Gloria and I are young," and to keep one-and-a-half-year-old Jimmy Jr. company.



*on a shelf; instead, he turned failure into success by daring to believe jinxes don't exist*

the kind of real home they believed in. No matter how little spare cash there was, there was invariably plenty of love and the warmest expression of it for their boys in the crowded apartment where they lived.

But when he entered Southern High, he became a problem to his elders.

"After the first day, I quit for two months. I didn't let my folks know. I wandered around and played 'School Days' on a juke box when I thought of where I should be. The principal was horrified when I finally was ushered into his office. I'd sit at my desk and not do anything and I'd argue with the teachers, so I'd wind up in his office once more. I got into so many fights, and, in milder moods, carried eggs in my pocket to bounce open on an unsuspecting head. I'd never do that today," he adds with a grin.

Jimmy played the pinball machines at the corner candy store when he should have been practicing on the expensive trumpet his father scrimped to get him. For three years, he labored lightly on the lessons that went with it, choosing their bathroom to toot in because of its better acoustics. Then he grew interested in singing. His job after school hours in his uncle's shop, selling costume jewelry, paid for the singing lessons he liked a lot.

"My folks have been really wonderful to me!" he enthuses wholeheartedly. He isn't the least spoiled or neurotic, thanks to the affection and encouragement he could depend on at home. Though his contagious sense of humor makes him talk about the pranks that delighted him, he never was a bad boy beneath his high spirits. His parents set an example he eventually wished to follow. Their feeling of responsibility for his guidance was lightened with understanding and laughter; they were as eager to share what he called fascinating as they were to console him when he was disappointed. He was amazingly alert about everything that intrigued him, so why shouldn't he—they reasoned—want

to see how the world ticked from his own individual viewpoint? His zest for life, his imagination and restlessness, were natural to them because they remembered when they were young. All this Jimmy grasps clearly now.

"When I was 16 a friend of my uncle's got me a chance to sing at Frank Polumbo's club. My father had to be up at six every morning, but he went along to the night club with me every evening, often staying out till three a.m. so I could take that opportunity. 'Tonight we have a great star, a new recording artist!' That's how I was introduced. I wasn't a sensation at all," he goes on humbly. "Why, they didn't even feel I was worth any pay. But that didn't discourage me. It was the step I wanted. And once a guy at a table did hand me some money when I finished. His tip is the only money I ever earned as a singer.

"The first time I went to New York was for a baseball game. After that, I'd go up whenever I could. There was a magic about the city. I guess I just wanted to be famous but didn't know how."

Meanwhile, he hadn't been unconscious of girls.

**I** WENT steady three or four times before I recognized Gloria was The Most." He was 16 when he concentrated on Gloria Terlitzsky, a schoolmate, now his wife. She's a year younger than he. "I've known her since she was 12," he says with a glow. A stunning girl with huge green eyes, sleek hair that she sweeps back into a coil, and a skin as beautiful as her character, she has never been forgotten for a minute since Jimmy confessed to her how much he cared.

He couldn't waste the present with promises about a mysterious future. Jimmy decided he wanted to give movie acting a try, and his parents and Gloria approved. "They respected my judgment. I'd never been too haywire. My folks bought me a plane ticket to Hollywood." He didn't count on a round-trip one as necessary at all.

*continued on page 66*

**CURRENTLY** on a do-it-yourself kick, Jim plans to decorate his own apartment.

**FAN** mail came in fast after Jim's first film. He's currently in "Gunman's Walk"





*Dig these new bathing suits  
from the flirty thirties—*

**Y**OU didn't think that the big new twenties-thirties chemise fashion would skip the beach, did you? Of course not! It would hardly be likely that your whole fashion look would change as drastically as it has since last year—while you kept on wearing the same old style bathing suits! Not that the bathing suits shown here are actually chemises, of course—but they are logical results of the chemise fashion. They're the kind of suits girls wore when the original chemise was

# Black Bottoms!

By SUE COLLINS

Far left: Black outlines striped and buttoned Orlon top over moulded shorts. 8-16. By Pandora. About \$9.  
Left: Chemise look in red and white striped Lastex knit. By Regal. Teen sizes 10-16. About \$8.





in its heyday (or maybe we should say hey! hey! day, which is how they put it in the Twenties), and they will certainly make you look new and different this summer. What's the big idea behind the new fashions? We'd say the whole point is to look young and *cute*. For some time we've had slinky types with low necklines and poured-in fit. The new kick is for something less sultry but just as appealing in a different way. Fashions in girls change, along with fashions in clothes. The pert cute girl is the new girl of the hour, and the boys seem to think it's a nice change! Now, which suit for you—and why? Well, first of all you needn't worry that the new suits won't show off your figure—because, as you can see from the pictures, they definitely will! And you can also see how completely new and different the two-piece effect is, especially in stripes and polka dots with tricky necklines.

Now then, if you're a little more bosomy than you want to be, choose a suit like the one with the striped dicky and white top—the V will slim you down. If your problem is the opposite, and you'd like a mild build-up, the horizontal stripes will add curves. The long tank top of the striped suit is also marvelous for a long-waisted figure. If you're short-waisted, and usually wear a junior dress size, the button front or the scooped polka dot suit will show off your petiteness. And the black bottoms will flatter every girl's hips—regardless! By the way, Black Bottom was the name of a smash hit dance in the Thirties. And if you're going in for the jazzy look at all—you might as well do it right and add an inky black "water velvet" bathing helmet, yanked down over your ears, and little strapped beach shoes. And then stand back and just listen to those whistles come your way! **END**

Right: One-piece Orlon Lastex with belt and striped vestee. Red and white, other colors. 32-38. About \$11. Annis International. Far Right: Dotted top, shorts. 7-15. Elon of California. About \$9. each.









JOHNNY MATHIS:

# Teenage Crush

*At 19, Johnny Mathis is an athlete  
turned singer whose sensational  
voice has taken him up the ladder  
of success three steps at a time*

◀ **BEFORE** he began singing, Johnny had a reputation in sports as a high-jumper.



**PART** of the Mathis heritage is a love of music and theater, for Johnny's father was once a vaudeville star and his son ably carries on the tradition.

**IT'S** high praise indeed to gain the admiration of a singer like Eddie Fisher and it certainly gives Johnny a thrill to know it. **END**





# Love On A High Wire

continued from page 31

but I'm no great beauty. All the time I was in Hollywood I felt like a fake."

It's been almost two years since she's made a movie in Hollywood. Recently, she's been on TV and is studying writing at Columbia University in New York where she and Tony have an apartment.

"I don't know whether I'm new or not—" she says. "I'm still me. But maybe a little more mature."

How come? It's Tony.

"Tony is the reason behind everything," she states flatly. "Because of him I watch myself now when I talk to people. Before I knew Tony I used to speak before I thought, and I saw how what I'd said flippantly would hurt people. Now I try to give things the benefit of some calm thinking before I say what's on my mind."

**A**LTHOUGH Tony's explosion during the photo incident (which got him ten days in jail) gave him the reputation of a hothead, he swears he doesn't blow up more than twice a year.

Sometimes, at first meeting, he strikes people as wooden, even colorless, simply because he maintains great self-control. He often has such a methodical and precise way of doing things that his friends become irritated and impatient.

"I learned several things from Anna Magnani," he said while he was talking about working with her. "I think her case and mine are basically the same. She expresses herself 24 hours a day. I tend to bottle things up, toward brief complexes. Those complexes can take over. When I was a kid, for instance, I wasn't an off-Broadway success. I told myself I couldn't wait around for say, five years; I wanted success uptown then and there. As it was, I waited anyway."

The kind of temperament that reaches a boiling point only under much stress is quite different from the prima donna antics for which Shelley was once famous. But those weren't part of her real self.

"Temperament is just another word for terror," she says now. "And I was terrified all the time (in Hollywood) because I was made into something I was not. You show me an actress who is temperamental and I'll show you an actress who is frightened. When you're scared of something—like the part you have to play—and you don't have enough maturity to face it, you react like a baby and yell and scream. . .

"I've found the only real professional security comes from your performances and from playing parts you're equipped to do. So now that I'm on my own I'm picking my pictures carefully. . ."

Similar? Well, yes. Shelley and Tony both have tremendous vitality, are articulate about their profession (and about each other's work) and have the egos good actors need. If they did not have this to share, what would there have been

in the first place to attract them so strongly to each other?

They also have in common the very qualities that any marriage counselor will tell you are important for a secure marriage. Their backgrounds are very similar. They grew up in the same kind of lower middle-class families—Shelley in Brooklyn, Tony on East 116th Street in Manhattan. They attended the same kind of schools, experienced the same kind of environments, had the same kind of dreams. Each broke away from his roots when he was young in search of a more exciting, more fulfilling life. First Shelley and then Tony were swept off their feet by fame.

When they found each other, they found themselves.

Tony, who admits that he disliked his average background, says, "Now I'm seeking my roots . . . now I want to learn Italian, go to Italy—although I haven't the slightest idea what I'll do there."

Shelley says, "I'm mature. Not in the Hollywood sense. Anyone who is mature in Hollywood is colorless and dull, and I think in many ways I've become more interesting . . . it was a long time coming, but it got here."

It got to Tony, too. And it took a while coming.

While Shelley was playing up the bombshell bit in Hollywood, Tony was also in Hollywood. No one (including Shelley) knew him. It was just that in 1952 he sold a pint of blood for \$25 and bought a bus ticket to Los Angeles. He'd been to lots of other places, working his way through them at odd jobs. He was only 23 years old, but for the last two years he'd been drifting.

Two years before, when he was 21, he'd been offered an audition for the Actors Studio in New York. But he was so afraid of failure, so desperately anxious to succeed that he couldn't face



**FOR** Anthony Franciosa, reaching the top meant overcoming many of his insecurities.

the test—and fled without auditioning.

Just as suddenly, one day, he got dressed and headed back to New York. He applied for and passed the Actors Studio audition. Two years later he was the second lead in "End As A Man" on Broadway. He began listening to screen offers when he appeared in "A Hatful Of Rain." Ironically, he had to find himself in Hollywood while Shelley had had to leave Hollywood for the same reason.

They kept their romance alive on the long distance phone. Tony had been in Hollywood nearly eight months this second time, had made three movies awaiting release and had no idea what was in store for him—until the night MGM held a sneak preview of "This Could Be The Night."

Tony, his agent and a few friends walked into the theater unnoticed. He had never seen himself on the screen; neither had anyone else.

When he left the theater he was spotted and mobbed. All of a sudden he was in danger of having his suit torn off. It was a startling, even shocking, experience. Two hours before he was just an actor. Now he was a celebrity.

The tremendous loss of privacy that accompanies such an exalted state has upset much more experienced people than Tony. To say nothing of the tremendous increase in earning power.

"I used to think that getting to Broadway and earning the minimum of \$85 a week was ambitious," he says.

**N**OW he earns \$100,000 a picture and even his agent gets confused figuring out what pictures Tony has promised to make for what companies. (The contracts read that he owes three pictures each to 20th Century-Fox and MGM, two pictures to Elia Kazan, and one a year—over seven years—to Hal Wallis.)

This happened in the same year he married Shelley. That was not a simple question of elopement, either. Tony had been married once before. Even though he was legally separated from his wife she was taking her time about getting a divorce. One of the explanations Tony offered for his display of temper toward that photographer was that he didn't think it appropriate to be photographed with another woman (outside a courtroom where they had just bid for a house they wanted to buy together) while he was still legally married.

Being human, the tension he felt was understandable; being a movie star, the verdict was harsh.

But living through that incident may have brought Tony maturity, which is notorious for coming the hard way. Living through it with Shelley is the "for worse" part that marriage, if it survives, grows strong on.

Were Tony and Shelley really made for each other?

"My mother likes Shel," Tony says, "and that is a good sign. My mother is not easy to please."

**END**



# America's Sweetheart—Again

continued from page 27

a new whim. The first time we changed schemes, Charles was in service, and we were being moved East. It seemed sensible to get rid of a lot of things, because, honestly, we didn't have room for them in our new quarters.

"Then, when we moved back, we replaced some other pieces."

Oh, how familiar this sounds to the young homemaker in Shirley's age-bracket who's had the same experience on cross-country shuttles! Remember the big sofa you had to sell, because it wouldn't fit into the dinky, temporary apartment . . . and the china cupboard that had to go when you took the house with no dining room? Sure you do.

As a concession to the scampering, dirt-tracking, small feet that hurry through Shirley's practically planned home, she has carpets in only two rooms, the living room and the master-bedroom.

"We stained the dining room floors a nice, dark color," she laughs, "so the spots won't show. You know how it is with children. I'd like to get some carpets, but wouldn't that be foolish when the children are this age?"

(Susan is ten; Charles, Jr., six; and Lori, four.)

Shirley's favorite antiques are an 18th Century prayer chair and a lazy-susan table, and she thinks they are completely at home with all the sleek teak and the sophisticated beige.

An enterprising hostess, Shirley plans her parties for her own pleasure as well as that of her guests, and, therefore, keeps them small.

"We never invite more than two couples to dinner at a time," she discloses. "That way, we can enjoy conversation more. In a larger group, it's harder to talk."

To make entertaining at dinner a joy rather than a struggle, Shirley specializes in casseroles and beef stroganoff.

"That's too easy," she recommends, lauding the beef dish. "With stroganoff, I just serve rice, a salad, rolls, and fruit, and that's all there is to it."

Flying in the face of conservative San Francisco, where black, navy, and shades of grey are loyally worn in all seasons and on almost all occasions, Shirley gaily peppers her wardrobe with vivid colors. Currently, her favorite is warm, glowing orange that compliments her vibrant, brunette beauty.

She likes tailored clothes for street wear and enthusiastically shops for good buys in skirts and sweaters.

"No, indeed, I don't have my own designer," she scoffs. "I buy my clothes in plain stores like anybody else. I wear skirts and sweaters a lot of the time, but, at home, I like peasant dresses, too. In San Francisco, dark colors are almost a must, but, living out on the peninsula, I can get by with something brighter."

Shirley, since her retirement from the screen in 1949, has never ceased to get fan mail. Bundles of letters even followed her to Washington, D. C., when she accompanied her husband there during the war.

Her most loyal adherents, she thinks, are young women of her own age who identify themselves with her, because they've faced some of the same problems. And they can identify themselves wholeheartedly with Shirley, the mother, since her brood is thoroughly normal. Sometimes alarmingly so.

"Each of the children is different," Shirley fondly muses. "When it comes to discipline, the system that works with one child is a flat failure with another."

"I'm of German, Dutch, and French extraction, and I've inherited a traumatic strain where behavior's concerned. My background's probably responsible, but I want children to behave. I'm not a child beater, but I spank when I have to."

**S**PANKING, though, doesn't work with Susan, Shirley's daughter born of her marriage to John Agar.

"I don't believe I've ever spanked Susan but once in her life," Shirley searches her memory. "If I just talk to her about what she's done, that's enough. Susan is a great help to me where the other children are concerned. She loves her brother and sister so dearly that she's quite a peace-maker. If she sees that one is about to make the other cry, she steps in and diplomatically smooths things over."

Young Lori, though, calls for completely different methods.

"When Lori's bad," Shirley explains, obviously enjoying that favorite pastime of all mothers, talking about the children, "I send her to her room and tell her to sit on a chair and think about what she's done. When she's thought enough, she can come out."

Shirley, unlike some former child stars, doesn't think that she missed any childhood happiness because of her career.

"I had a marvelous childhood," she admits. "I had fun, friends, everything. I wish my children could have all the things I had, but that would be impossible. Times have changed. Everything's different today."

"I can't think of any one advantage I had that I'd particularly want for my children, because I don't think that deeply about the past. I'm too interested in the present and future."

Although her children don't work as steadily as their mother did, they are still employed.

"Their job," Shirley firmly insists, "is to work in the vegetable garden. They water it and weed it, too, with a little help, of course."

And after the chores are done, mother



"**THERE'S** no one like her," says hubby Charles Black of his wife Shirley Temple.

and children head for a comfortable spot and, you guessed it, a story session.

"I love fairy stories," Shirley beams, "and so do the children. We read the Oz books, but our favorite, I think, is 'Charlotte's Web.' I'd like to do that on television."

"The program, you know, isn't limited to fairy stories but includes legends and children's classics . . . like 'The Legend Of Sleepy Hollow.'"

Shirley found doing the Washington Irving classic on a recent telecast "terribly stimulating" since it introduced her to the challenges of live television.

"We rehearsed for eight days in a bare room," she enlarges, "and I enjoyed the experience of getting completely into character before I ever went on a set. Maybe filmed television would be different, but I was delighted by doing the live show."

"I firmly believe in television, anyway," she continues, "and hope it will continue to offer a balanced variety of programs. Every show shouldn't be a fairy story any more than every show should be a western. Each compliments the other. Matinee Theater is a real boon to the housewife, I feel, even though it breaks into her busy noon hour. And I'm a great fan of programs like Omnibus."

Shirley, who has almost lived a real-life fairy tale, learned bitterly that not every fairy tale comes true. For example, people don't always live happily ever after. Her teenage marriage to dashing John Agar was a brief mistake that ended in divorce, a mistake that she steadfastly declines to discuss.

Clinging to generalizations, she defends the traditional fairy tale ending in which all the dragons lie dead and love is triumphant.

"I don't think it's a bad idea to look toward the happy ending," she maintains. "Since the beginning of time, people have made mistakes, and some people will continue to make mistakes as long as they live. But, if we profit

continued on page 67



# The Perils Of Mitzi

continued from page 34

protective shell, do her job the best she could, try to pretend she didn't mind being hated and unwanted. Only she did.

Then one night a group of the girls came to her after the performance. One spoke for all of them: "Mitzi, we think you add a lot to the show. We're sorry for the way we've treated you."

By proving her ability, she had won them over.

And therein lies a tip-off to the Gaynor philosophy of how to overcome mental hazards that others may put in your way: "I felt bad about not being liked—but I would have felt worse if I had let it get me down, let it cost me my job. I felt as if I didn't have a friend in the world. All I had was faith in my own ability.

"That happened to be enough—that time. But I learned a valuable lesson. In show business, or in ordinary life, you can't crawl into a shell and stay there indefinitely. You need the help of other people. And you should not be afraid to let them know it."

Another critical situation arose early in her movie career.

The day before she was to start work in "Golden Girl," her first starring picture, she had been rehearsing a dance number at the studio. When she came home that night, she wanted to show it to her mother.

As she whirled, flinging her leg in a kick, her foot crashed against a chair.

From the excruciating pain, she suspected what had happened. The doctor, hurriedly summoned, confirmed her guess. She had broken a toe. It had to be bandaged in a splint. For the next few days, she could only hobble. It might be two weeks before she could dance again.

This was catastrophic news. If the picture had to be postponed because of her—would they still want her in it? Or would they feel she might be a jinx?

SHE summoned the courage to telephone producer George Jessel and tell him what had happened. "But I'll be able to dance again in two weeks," she told him. "Maybe in ten days. And meanwhile I can certainly do acting scenes—if my foot doesn't show."

Her faith in her ability to do what she said she could do carried through the wire to Jessel. All she asked was a little help from him.

"We'll just change the scene schedule," he told her. "I'll see you on the set at 9 tomorrow morning . . . And what are your favorite flowers?"

That was the end of that crisis.

After "Golden Girl," she starred in a variety of roles. Then there came a lull in her career.

The extent of that lull wasn't apparent at first. It started as a "vacation"—the first she had ever had. She set out to

have a good time. For a change, she could eat what she pleased. She could have a constant round of dates—something she had never had time for before, as other girls had, because she had always been working. She could go dancing for fun.

But as month succeeded month, and no new role turned up for her, although she was being paid, she began to feel "forgotten." This was a new kind of crisis for her—a crisis of frustration.

Recalls Mitzi, "I had to keep my name 'alive,' somehow. I had the mistaken notion that the way to do it was to be seen, and photographed, at parties and night clubs. So I became the late, late show every night at some night club or other. I was the first to arrive at parties and the last to leave.

"I wasn't happy. I wasn't doing what I wanted most to do—which was to work. In my frustration and restlessness, I ate constantly. The result was that on top of getting fat in the head, I got fat all over—up to 150 pounds.

"It began to look as if my career was almost finished—before it had got into high gear. Yet I couldn't seem to change matters. Or my eating habits. I kept alibi-ing to myself: 'As soon as I know I'm going to do a picture, I'll go on a diet, I'll thin down' . . ."

Only no picture was announced for her.

It was during this time that she met Jack Bean, then a young Hollywood agent. A romance began to develop. She was seen less and less at night clubs. For one thing, Jack's income couldn't take night clubs in stride.

One evening, when he appeared at the apartment where she lived with her mother, she showed him a dress she had discovered in a fashion magazine. "What do you think of it?" she asked.

"Great," he said, "but it wouldn't be good for you."

"Why?"

"Well—to be brutally frank—you're too heavy."

That did it. She faced the fact that she had eaten herself into a crisis.

The next day, she went on a medically-supervised diet. Simultaneously she embarked on a regimen of exercise to tone up flabby muscles.

Four months later, she was down to 115 pounds again. At Jack's suggestion, to emphasize the change, she cut her hair short. Then she visited the studio—where she hadn't worked for 18 months.

The transformed Mitzi told the studio, "I'm ready to work again and I'll do anything you want me to do."

They took her literally. They loaned her out to do a Western, "Three Young Texans," for a subsidiary company.

That wasn't exactly what she had hoped for. But at least it would put her back on the screen.

It was during the making of "There's



**MITZI** Gaynor doesn't think that it's such a small world when you want to tour it.

No Business Like Show Business" that Mitzi got some real catastrophic news. The picture had barely started when she was told by her agents that the studio would be dropping her at the finish. She reacted to this by trying extra hard in every scene she had to do. At least, she'd make her swan-song memorable.

Her role started out as comparatively small. But her work in early scenes so delighted Director Walter Lang that he kept building up her role. In the end, she was one of the major attractions in the picture.

However, that didn't keep the studio from dropping her.

So, for the first time since she had started her professional career, she was unemployed. And Jack had just left the agency to become a partner in a brand-new industrial public relations firm. Business was not yet rushing—the office had been open only a month. His expenses exceeded his income.

They had been wondering when they could get married.

Now, when both of them had career worries and their respective futures were a gamble, they reacted alike. Unhampered by any business commitments, they should take advantage of the lull. They could have a month's honeymoon. . . .

To phrase it another way: they both had faith in a future together.

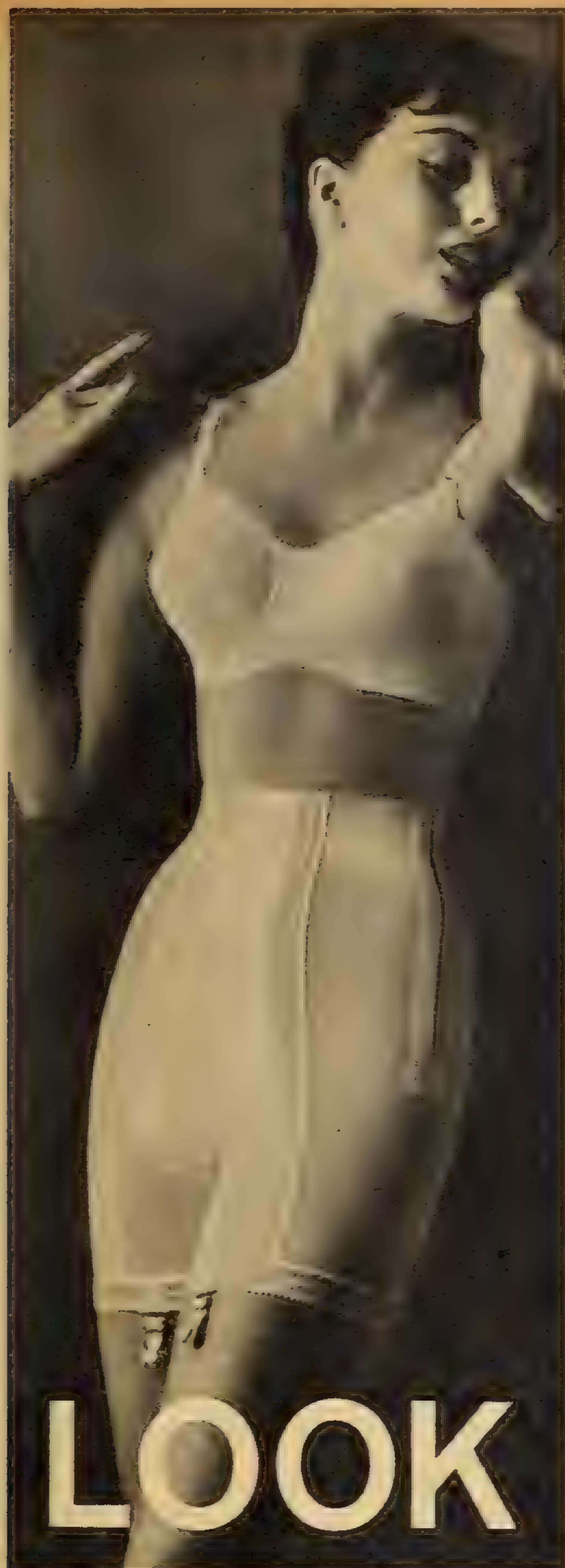
That was a turning point for both of them. Jack's business is booming today; he and Mitzi could live very comfortably on his income. And Mitzi, in the past two years, has made a series of hits, all leading up to her fine starring role in "South Pacific."

And that, in a way, has produced another crisis. What's her encore to be?

Well, she's not worrying about it. That isn't the Gaynor way of solving a problem. She'll know what to do—and have faith that she can do it—when the time comes around.

Meanwhile, she and Jack are going to enjoy a trip around the world. . . . **END**





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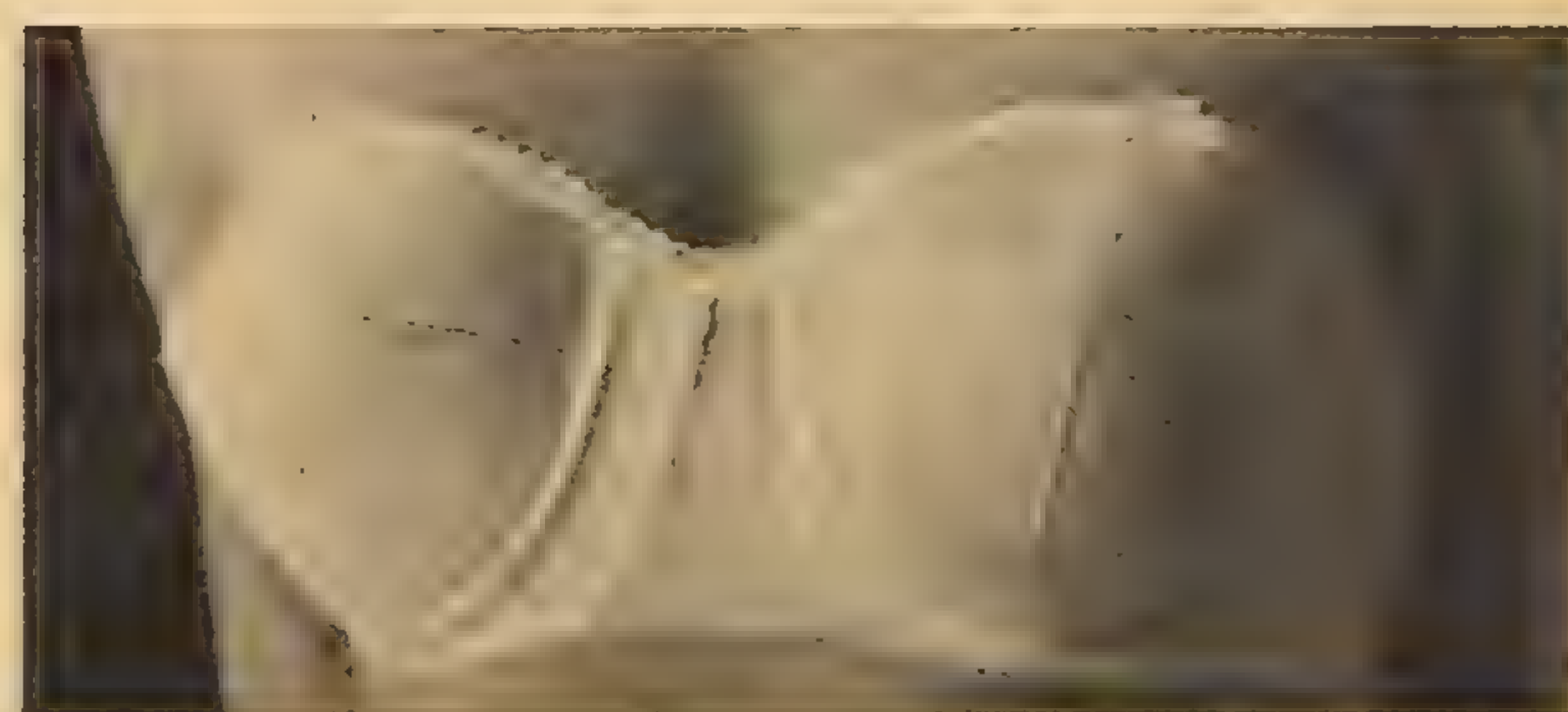
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# Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

Edmund Gwenn. He's very ill at the Motion Picture Country Home in Woodland Hills, California. Teddy, as everyone here calls him, is 83 years old, and has been ill for years with agonizing arthritis. . . . Dale Robertson, determined not to rush into matrimony again, brought his mother from Oklahoma to keep house for him.

Raymond Burr looks more svelte every week on his "Perry Mason" show. He should, he has lost 100 pounds in the past 12 months. . . . Jack Webb's ex, Dorothy Towne, gets dreamy-eyed when you mention the name of Charles Evans—brother of Bob. While Bob does ditto for Mary Murphy. I can't understand what is holding Bob back from the big movie time. This handsome lad has just about everything.

Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner want to do a play together on Broadway. But one part is usually bigger than the other, and doesn't often work out. Although it certainly has for Lunt and Fontanne and Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. . . . Betty Hutton's pals are keeping their prayers going for her reconciliation to last with husband, Alan Liv-

ingston. I think it would if Betty abandoned her career. . . . Fernandel, treated very well by Bob Hope in "Paris Holiday," footage-wise, and every-which-way-wise, is still steamed up because he says some of the stuff he wrote into the picture was cut. If Bob cut it, there must have been a good reason.

It's hard to dig some of these Hollywood people. Not too long before she married Mike Wilding, Susan Nell was planning to marry race horse trainer, Tom Neville-Clark. . . . Which reminds me of Vic Damone, who was dating Marisa Pavan shortly before he popped the question to twin sister Pier Angeli. This marriage would be happier if they were not separated by work so often. . . . Paramount could have had Audrey Hepburn and Bill Holden in the same picture for \$118,000 the pair. But someone let little Audrey's option lapse. Each of them are in the \$300,000 with gross percentage bracket. . . . Jean Simmons, trying to gain weight, eats a daily luncheon of peaches and milk with a raw egg. Ugh. . . . And did I tell you that Jayne Mansfield's bed in her new house will be heart-shaped, like the pool. **END**



"TOO Much, Too Soon," offers Dorothy Malone her most challenging acting role.

take . . ." you know these two will prove each other's mettle or ruin the whole blasted air force doing it. Actually, the question was well put. Milland, during his apprenticeship as a pilot in World War II, caused the death of his superior, Haigh's father. Because of this, Milland feels obligated to protect the irresponsible Haigh who seems more a menace than an asset to Britain's defense. Some excellent scenes of close precision jet plane formations snap this out of the doldrums. (Columbia.)

## Too Much, Too Soon

**THOUGH** billed as a daring story. This actually is nothing more than the sad story of a wasted life. From childhood on, Diana Barrymore (Dorothy Malone) was desperately in need of love. Her parents, John Barrymore (Errol Flynn), and writer Michael Strange, played by Neva Patterson, were too busy chasing their own lives to bother much with Diana. In time, lack of love began to show—and even though Barrymore gave more time to his daughter prior to his death, it was a case of too little, too late. Men, partially represented by Ray Danton, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Martin Milner and Edward Kemmer, and alcohol took over. Good acting, especially by Flynn, but all in all, depressing. (Warner Bros.)

## From Hell To Texas

**SEARCHING** for his father, Don Murray tries to cause as little trouble as possible. Then, one night at a dance, there's an abrupt switch. During a fight over a girl, the son of a wealthy rancher falls on his own knife. Murray is accused of murder. With papa, his two remaining sons, and all the hired hands in hot pursuit, Murray takes off. The odds for his survival narrow down con-

continued on page 67

# Coming Attractions

continued from page 10

tempts to hold his own with housekeeper Estelle Winwood who digs rock-'n'-roll and whiskey decanters. One stormy night, Debbie Reynolds stumbles into this scene of hibernation following a chase by John Saxon whom she suspects of ulterior motives. A night under the shelter of charmer Jurgens' roof transforms Debbie from the hunted into the huntress. Jurgens' goose is cooked. His days and nights as an eligible bachelor are numbered, all of which proves very effectively that not only wine improves with age. Sex is rampant in this Eastman Color romp, and Debbie, as if you didn't know, is a clever comedienne. (Universal-International.)

## St. Louis Blues

**BASED** on the life of the late jazz composer, W. C. Handy, father of the Blues, this stars Nat "King" Cole in the lead role. As with most famous men, Handy's life had disappointment, opposition and misfortune. The composer's talents are put on the right track when a singer, Eartha Kitt, senses that the unknown piano-player's music could make her famous. She gets him a job as the band leader in a Memphis night club run, in the film, by Cab Calloway. Music starts pouring out and the royalties start pouring in, and as fast as he makes it, Handy spends it. Then, a personal

tragedy, blindness, ends the success story temporarily. Jazz at its best in smoky, dark night-clubs, and sung by throaty voices that know what the singing is all about. (Paramount.)

## Cry Terror

**THIS** is a die-it-yourself scheme bound to attract quite a share of attention. Forced by threats on the lives of his wife, Inger Stevens, and their little daughter from Rod Steiger, TV repairman James Mason turns out an ingenious bomb device. With this bomb, Steiger plans to force an airline company into paying him \$500,000 or the bomb will be planted in one of the regular passenger loaded transport planes. Fortunately, while all this is going on, the FBI, represented by agent Kenneth Tobey, is aware of Steiger's plans, but until they close in, Inger and Mason have their aging process hastened by about 15 years. Effective thriller with the usual assortment of nasty badmen. (MGM.)

## High Flight

**THE** moment British air cadet Kenneth Haigh, on the carpet for disobeying flight orders, squares up to commanding officer Ray Milland and asks: "Sir, didn't you ever make a mis-



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# Triumph Of A Daredevil

continued from page 55

"I had about \$75 in cash to live on until I made it out here, so I registered at the Garden of Allah on Sunset Boulevard." Once he'd unpacked in that swank hotel, he took a dive into its luxurious pool. Then he was ready to be signed to a fantastic contract.

"I thought that if you walked around you were noticed. Especially if you walked by a studio somebody inside would spot you and come tearing out with, 'I want you to be in pictures!' I really did. What a jolt when it wasn't that way!

"Before long I was reduced to getting a hamburger and a bottle of milk at Googie's and carrying my dinner across the street to my room. I didn't know anyone, so I didn't talk to anybody. I was ashamed to be so broke. I phoned a boy I'd met in New York, and he introduced me to someone who became my first friend out here. I roomed with him five months. I applied for a job as a gas station attendant and found you have to live in California six months before you're eligible. I couldn't get a job any place. Finally, I landed one putting up TV antennas high in the hills, for houses down in canyons. I never got inside a studio, and saw only one movie star. That was Frank Sinatra, who drove by fast on Santa Monica Boulevard. Gradually, I awoke to the facts of movie-making. I had to be better prepared. I'd never tried to be in school plays. I couldn't afford to go to drama classes. So I went home to make new plans. Still, it was fun—the whole scene—and I would do it all over again!"

**W**HEN he returned home, he was welcomed as warmly as if he'd become famous in his absence. He did some more singing and wasn't nagged. And he and Gloria were secretly married five months before he celebrated his 19th birthday. Their love story would make a romantic movie.

"I'm all for young marriages. We wished we hadn't had to wait that long. If I'd been paid for singing, it wouldn't have had to be an elopement. Of course, I was concerned about how I'd make our living. "We took the plunge on Friday, the 13th of January, 1955. No, we're not superstitious! Two older people went along with us to Elkton, Maryland. The fellow who was supposed to be my father couldn't spell my last name when we got the license, and the woman who was presumably Gloria's mother, wasn't too convincing the first two minutes. But, somehow, we all passed! Gloria and I returned to our separate homes and didn't tell our folks for a year, not until I had the job we could live on."

His flair for friendship, another facet of Jimmy's charm, has embellished his

life. He ran into a pal who'd just quit as Jose Greco's assistant stage manager, and that friend suggested that he go after that job. He did, and got it. Three months with the celebrated Greco dancers meant the backstage experience he needed. And his long talks with Jose were stimulating. Greco declared Jimmy had definite acting talent, and advised him to have some first-class pictures taken; he also recommended a simpler last name, so Jimmy picked a last name from a car he admired. Enrollment in Stella Adler's drama classes in Manhattan came next. He'd been attending them for only two weeks when he went to the executive offices at Columbia Pictures to see that talent scout about the photographs he'd sent in. Three days later he signed the contract that sent him to Hollywood on another plane, on salary. He didn't slow down for a screen test or an agent.

But he did go home on a memorable evening at 11 o'clock, he says, skipping back to Gloria. His folks were asleep when he let himself in. "Dad, I'm married!" he cried. His mother threw her arms around him, too.

"I flew out alone to Hollywood to get started, and Gloria came a month later."

By then, he was playing the romantic juvenile lead in "Rumble On The Docks." The curly-headed Latin with the lithe grace was precisely what the camera had ordered.

"When Gloria arrived, I was living on Vine Street and walking to the studio because I had no car. In another month, we got wheels and off a main street."

Acting has come as automatically as the terrific fan response to his appearance. He promptly enrolled in the studio's dramatic classes, where he reports faithfully for excellent coaching. In "Gunman's Walk," as Tab Hunter's brother, he rides a horse as if reared on a saddle; he also is the romantic one who wins the girl. He'd like to be a singing cowboy on the screen, too.

"Gloria and I are in our fourth apartment now, out in the Valley. We've moved to a little nicer place when we could, and this time we shopped together to buy our own furniture." They've improved each residence, so it isn't surprising that Jimmy has been wielding a paint brush lavishly. The baby's room is his particular joy. Jimmy, Jr., isn't quite a year-and-a-half yet, but he's ahead of the other Hollywood babies as the most idolized little lad in town.

Gloria went to a modeling school in Philadelphia and then worked temporarily as a secretary when she reached California. "But she's retired now. She has no ambition for a career." Jimmy notes contentedly. "She's a great wife, a perfect mother, and her cooking is



**NO** running around to parties for Jimmy. "I'd rather stay home with Gloria," he says.

dream stuff. I'm certainly glad I didn't marry an actress," he says honestly. "Gloria can take time to be a real down-to-earth woman!"

Everything in Hollywood attracts his attention; there's so much to learn. In the process, he hasn't fallen off-balance. "The publicity struck me speechless," he admits. "I thought it'd be just the same here as living in Philadelphia." The torrent of questions about his personal preferences has been explained to him as part of the game, so Jimmy doesn't mind "this jazz" any more.

But he isn't being drawn into the superficial whirl. "I don't like to put on airs. I don't like to run around to parties. I'd rather stay home, for Gloria and the baby are a lot more fun. When we want to go a distance, we drive to the desert for a day. Gloria packs a picnic lunch and she and Junior watch me while I do some shooting."

Jimmy likes to get up early and tackle the special pieces of furniture he's building. He plays tennis, baseball, and rides a motorcycle when he can. Someday he wants a swimming pool, and later on, a ranch. He'll splurge on a super sports car when that's not silly; meantime, they pile cozily into a Volkswagen. The other day he was aching to buy a horse from a stunt man who has 40, but the fellow declined to take advantage of him. "He told me I was an old man with a wife and baby, that I couldn't afford it. So, you see, everybody out here isn't trying to make you spend more than you make. I hate to live on a budget," Jimmy concludes frankly. "But, if we didn't, we wouldn't have anything."

He doesn't deceive himself. When he wants something, he doesn't deny it, or evade what it requires. So don't warn him that his dreams are impossible. Don't harp on the hazards of following his heart. In a discontented world, he's dared do what seemed logical to him. His isn't a surface success. Here's a happy young soul who knows that direct action brings the answers, and that love is giving, doing good, to those dear to him. No wonder he's the Jimmy for whom there are no jinxes!

**END**



## America's Sweetheart—Again

continued from page 61

from the mistakes of the past, we won't make so many in the future."

When, after serving in the armed forces in World War II, Clark Gable came back to the screen, he co-starred in his first picture with Greer Garson, and publicists gleefully cheered "Gable's Back and Garson's Got Him." This glad news was proclaimed from billboards and theatre posters throughout the land.

Now, like Clark Gable, Shirley's back and throughout TV land publicists can proudly declare, "Shirley's Back" . . . but, and here's the rub, Charles Black's still got her. Neither ambition, applause nor financial gain can beat Black's time with Shirley.

He's the handsome prince that very definitely has won the fair lady, and no ogre or dragon, not even that monster, television, can change the story. This time it looks as though the fairy tale came true, and, to the delight of her millions of fans, the beautiful princess with the knight of her choice is going to live happily ever after. **END**

## Coming Attractions

continued from page 64

siderably after he sets off a stampede in which the second son is killed. Ill-starred though his future may be, the cowpoke does meet Diane Varsi and her father, Chill Wills, which, considering how Diane looks in snug leather breeches, brightens the picture a great deal. Also on hand to lend help is peddler and Indian authority Jay C. Flippen. Unusually good Western that shows why a man can't keep running away forever and still expect to live at peace with himself. (20th Century-Fox.)

### Windom's Way

**F**RIEND and advisor of the natives of the Far Eastern village where he practices medicine, Doctor Peter Finch finds it difficult not to meddle in local politics. While the village is seething with unrest, Finch's wife, Mary Ure, after a two years' separation, thinks the time is ripe to reconcile. Fresh from the drawing rooms of London, Mary doesn't blanch at the primitive living conditions. Instead, she behaves very well—much better in fact than the honorable doctor who, like so many other do-gooders, is shocked when he finally learns the human mind is often a baffling maze of devious reasoning. Filmed in Eastman Color, this holds your interest while keeping you informed on one matter of foreign affairs. (J. Arthur Rank.) **END**

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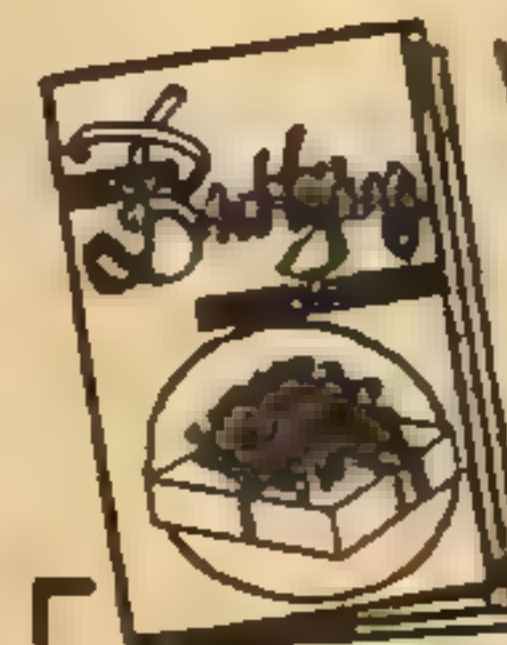


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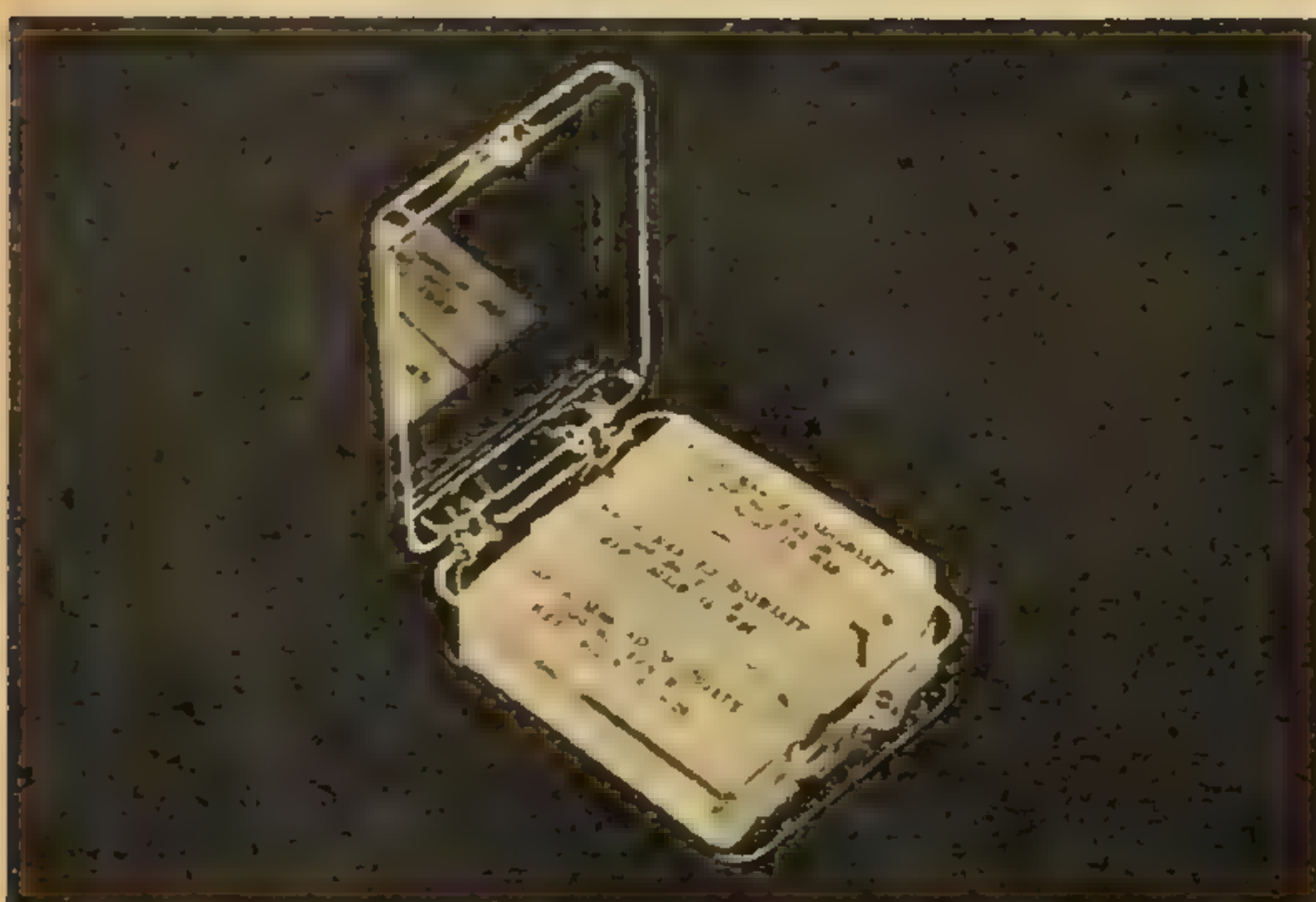


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Reviews of new discs by **BOB CROSBY**, CBS-TV star

**J**OINING forces, **Tony Martin** and **Gogi Grant** have taken the score for the Lerner-Loewe (of "My Fair Lady" fame) movie musical version of "Gigi" and done right handsomely by it. Tony is, of course, a past master of the ballad, and Gogi seems to make a specialty of dressing up Hollywood soundtracks (Victor) . . . **Patti Page**, Miss Big of "The Big Record" TV show, has pulled a complete switcheroo in her latest Mercury album, "The Waltz Queen." Twelve, count 'em, twelve tunes, all in the required  $\frac{3}{4}$  tempo, are offered as proof positive of Patti's versatility . . . **Andy Williams** is a personable young fellow with an open-faced grin who enjoyed a long, rewarding stay on the Steve Allen "Tonight" show. In his new Cadence album, "Andy Williams Sings Rodgers and Hammerstein," Andy has no trouble at all with the R&H factor, polishing off their top show tunes with dispatch . . . Devotees of Chicago Jazz, Kansas City Jazz, New Orleans Jazz, Two Beat and Dixieland will go slightly ecstatic over the Capitol LP "Jazz Ultimate" featuring the combined talents of **Bobby Hackett** on trumpet and **Jack Teagarden** on trombone. Tunes like "I Found A New Baby" and "Way Down Yonder In New Orleans" are bright and fresh, and yet nostalgic.

In a vocal history of the Hollywood musical, **Doris Day** does a fantastic job of selling the fine tunes that have been written for the movies. The Columbia album, "Hooray For Hollywood," covers two LP's and 24 tunes that range from "Night And Day" (1933) to "Three Coins In The Fountain" (1954) . . . Just in passing we'd like to note that the Victor soundtrack album of the movie "South Pacific" makes it quite clear that the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical will continue to improve with age. . . . It's hard to picture anything but disaster emerging from an amalgam of the torchy

songstress **Carmen McRae** with the ultra-sophisticated words and music of Noel Coward. We're happy to report that the noble experiment attempted in a Decca album titled, "Mad About That Man," is a complete success. We can't explain it; we just like it. . . . The great **George Shearing** piano has found a new backdrop to set off its beautiful sound. Added to the Quintet is the **Jud Conlon Choir**. The Capitol album "Night Mist" is an effective blending of voice and instrument. We particularly enjoyed "Darn That Dream" and "Imagination."

The Irish are a singing race and no one has proven it better than folk balladeer **Burl Ives** in his new Decca album, "Songs Of Ireland." Some are haunting, some cavorting, some frothy, some fierce, but, sure, they're all things of beauty when touched by Burl's rich baritone. . . . **Sammy Davis, Jr.**, he who can do any entertainment chore in the book a little better than practically anybody, proves he can belt a ballad with the best of 'em in his current Decca album, "Mood To Be Wooed." With guitarist **Mundell Lowe** setting the scene, Sammy sings up a storm on numbers such as "Try A Little Tenderness" and "I've Got A Crush On You" . . . The Mercury album, "Sarah Vaughan At Mr. Kelly's," is a taped session of **Sarah Vaughan** on duty at the famous Chicago night spot. Everything has been left in—the club's audience, the forgotten lyrics, but, most of all, the spontaneous aliveness of Sarah that keeps her offerings always fresh, exciting and different. . . . **Kenton's** back and the **Rendezvous Ballroom's** got 'im. At the scene of his first spectacular triumphs in 1941, **Stan Kenton** and his Orchestra set up light housekeeping and dig in for a long stay. The Capitol LP "Rendezvous With Kenton" was recorded in the ballroom and the results are electric. The 17 years in between sessions seem to melt away.

**END**



## Life With A French Wife

continued from page 38

care about these matters. It is important to have one who does.

"More women, especially American women, might give this some thought.

"It isn't," he hastened to add, "that either of us is a health faddist. We both like to eat and eat well. It is simply that you have to use common sense about these things occasionally, especially if you are in pictures."

He has found that Veronique is a practical woman about other matters, too. Money, for instance.

"I am inclined to be careless about money," he admits, cheerfully. "I see things that I want in the shops, things that I think would make nice presents for Veronique or the children . . . or for me . . . and I am likely to say, 'I'll have that. Just charge it.' So, at the end of the month when the bills come in they can be pretty appalling.

"But Veronique has never said anything about this weakness of mine. She has had a surer way to cure me. She has simply let me wrestle with the accounts myself. She has never said, 'Now, didn't I tell you . . . ' and she has never offered to help. She has just stood by quietly, looking amused.

"And do you know what that has done to me? It has made me want to be better about these things, has made me want to use my head about money . . . just to please her. Because when she is pleased, she is quick to tell me so. But she has never, but never, nagged at me about my spending. I think if she had, it might have made me defiant, as nagging makes so many men defiant . . .

"I remember the late John Barrymore when he was trying not to drink and his wife shook her finger at him one night in a bar and admonished, 'Now, you're not to order anything . . . ' whereupon John ordered *twelve* martinis, had them set in a row in front of him and drank his way methodically through the dozen.

"I think that is a natural male reaction to a nagging wife. When she tries to 'forbid' him to do something, the normal male rebels and doubles in spades whatever it is she wants him not to do. A wife can make a man *want* to please her . . . if she uses her head.

"But if she allows him to think that she is trying to 'reform' him, change his character or his habits, then he and she are both in trouble. I know I appreciate Veronique much more and try much harder to please her than I would if I suspected that she was 'working on me', trying to change me."

Actually, although Greg is now a part owner of one of his big pictures, "The Big Country," he doesn't think he is a very good executive. "I know stories and

continued on page 70

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## LIFE WITH A FRENCH WIFE

continued

casting. I think," he says, "but I have experts to handle the rest of the details. I'm not very sharp at figures . . . if you doubt me, ask Veronique! She could probably tell those experts some of my failings but I doubt that she would."

In the next year, the Pecks expect to re-do and partially remodel the lovely home they have bought. Greg is leaving that almost entirely to Veronique . . . to create the "peaceful background" which is so important to both of them.

"I know that she will do it with the utmost simplicity," he says, "and that is all I ask. I expect she will use a great deal of white in the backgrounds, because she likes that. I also think she will blend French, Spanish and Mexican motifs, with splashes of color where they count. But that is all up to her."

"About paintings and so on, I expect she will consult me because I have already collected some of those. But still

. . . I want it to be entirely up to her."

The Pecks do not make any particular ado about birthdays or anniversaries, except for the children who take these things seriously. But for Greg and Veronique, a present which "just happened to occur to me" is more important and more fun than one which has to be planned weeks in advance because there is a certain date coming up. Anniversaries have whizzed right past these two with neither of them noticing unless a newspaper columnist happened to mention it. But the "I-just-happened-to-think-of-it" gifts make life a lot of fun for them. Sometimes these are small and strictly for laughs. Sometimes they are important. It doesn't really matter. They are loved and appreciated either way.

"Understanding and good humor are the important things in the wife of a busy man," says Greg, plus the quality which I can only call 'grace', which means, I guess, the ability to create peace for a man. Veronique has these and I am grateful to her for them." **END**

## Her Halo Never Was

continued from page 51

flower-petal English skin from the hot California sun. At this, Deborah hooted.

"Good heavens," she exclaimed. "Do you want me known as The Skin?"

Then there was the international expert on bosoms, who sought out Deborah on the subject of adding to, or leaving well enough alone. What did Miss Kerr think, the man wanted to know, about this business of wearing falsies?

"Gracious," said Miss Kerr, "would any man want to be married to a pair of falsies? I'm not what anybody would call over-abundant, but never once did I consider wearing those—those well, dreadful *appurtenances!*"

On still another occasion, a persistent reporter tackled her with a demand that she state her views on such profound subjects as rock 'n' roll music, the allowable area of cleavage for a glamour girl, and whether Miss Kerr was a fan of Elvis Presley's. Deborah looked the man over with a sparkle in her eye.

"You want me to say I like Elvis Presley?" she asked. "Very well, I like Elvis Presley. But why, for goodness' sake, doesn't someone ever ask Elvis if he likes me?"

A major problem in completing a report on Deborah is that it is literally impossible to find anyone who will say anything unfavorable about her. Her admirers, both men and women, are made up, without exception, of everyone who has ever worked with her or had any contact with her. This reporter approached Bob Mitchum, who co-starred with Deborah in "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," with a rumor that at times Miss Kerr had shown a small wisp of a temper.

"She was a touch edgy now and then," said The Mitch, "but no temper—absolutely no temper."

"Of course," Mitch went on, "there was that day when Deborah and I were out in a life raft off Tobago, trying to catch the giant turtle we needed to keep us alive. The sun was blazing, the sea was rough, and we had been going through the same piece of action for hours. Deborah was wearing her heavy nun's outfit, and she was paddling the life raft, while I was trying to spear the turtle. The director, John Huston, was behind us in the camera skiff, and pretty comfortable. I might say, while all the time he was bawling, 'Faster, Deborah; paddle faster. You're not working hard enough.'"

"Suddenly the flimsy paddle in Deborah's blistered hands broke in half. For a moment she sat there, glaring at Huston. Then she picked up a piece of the broken paddle and flung it straight at John's head. 'There,' she said, 'that will show you how *blankety* hard I'm working, Mr. Huston!'"

"But she wasn't mad," said Mitchum. "Just edgy."

"What you mean then," said Mitchum's interrogator, "is that there is really nothing bad you can say about Deborah."

"No," said Bob, "and nobody else is saying anything bad about her, either."

Happily married for some 13 years to TV producer Tony Bartley, and with two fine young daughters, Deborah confesses now that she is glad she did not wed the first man to whom she was engaged. "He was an American," she says, "and I broke our engagement by pushing him into the river. He was so impertinent; he used



to whistle at me and call me 'Red'. One day we were out boating, and he was so very busy showing off his white flannels. Suddenly I couldn't restrain myself. I don't think I even turned around. I merely put out a hand and shoved him into the Thames. Oddly enough, it made him absolutely mad about me, but I still felt I couldn't marry him."

But not too long afterwards, Deborah met Anthony Charles Bartley, son of a British knight, and an RAF fighter pilot who downed 15 German planes during the battle of Britain. "Tony," says Deborah now, "courted me in a quiet public-school way. He had asked me the usual things, such as 'Do you know so-and-so?' and I had said 'Yes,' and 'Do you hunt?' It was a very reticent thing, really, and madly British." Eventually, while Deborah was on location making a film in Ireland, Tony cabled a proposal. With characteristic lack of coyness, Deborah wired back: "Yes. When?"

Once married to Tony, however, Deborah found herself with a bit of adjusting to do. The charming and good-looking Tony had always been gregarious, and although by this time Deborah was one of Britain's best-known new stars, she rarely took part in London's social life. She and her husband had barely settled down in their new flat when Tony announced that they were invited to a party given by an old flame of his.

"I don't want to go," said Deborah. "I hate parties."

"Put on your new black dress," said her bridegroom.

"We could easily have had our first quarrel," says Deborah now. "But I said to myself, 'Let's not make heavy weather of this, old girl'—and I went."

Even today, "never making heavy weather of things" is the theme of Deborah's life. "I think most of us," she says, "exaggerate the problems that come our way. It can't be clear sailing all the time. But we needn't cry alarm every time a small cloud appears on our horizon. Today, if The Master and I have a spat, he goes out for a half dozen turns around the garden, and I go upstairs and soak in a hot tub."

The Bartleys have two daughters: Melanie, nine, who has her mother's red hair, freckles and coloring and her father's eyes, and Francesca, six, who is the image of Tony but has Deborah's eyes. They are youngsters with beautiful manners, but they can also come up with some of the same surprising observations, humorous and uninhibited, that are like an extension of their mother.

Deborah is honest enough to admit, as she once did, "that living apart occasionally is good for people." As she explained: "More often than not, I am at one end of the world, making a picture, and Tony is at the other, on his TV assignments; you just have to wave a plane at him, and he's off. But one must be realistic about marriage. It sounds cold-blooded, but it isn't. Tony married me

knowing that I would always be an actress. If he'd wanted a homebody he could've married the Vicar's daughter."

She is also good-humored enough to tell stories on herself—stories that do not always show her up in a glamorous light. One time, back in her London days, some friends of Deborah's induced her to join them at the races. It should be noted that Miss K, born an Edinburgh girl, has the natural thrift of the Scots, and does not normally toss her money around with abandon. At any rate, she was willing to hazard a couple of shillings, then around fifty cents, on the opening race. The horse she picked came in sixth. She wagered another two shillings on the following race. Again her choice was unfortunate. She took stock of her finances and realized that she was already a dollar in the hole. "Enough," she cried. "I shall never gamble again as long as I live!"

Again, discussing film kisses, Deborah maintained that she could only remember the "uncomfortable ones." There was one, she recalled laughing, in "Perfect Strangers" (released as "Vacation From Marriage" in the United States). Said Deborah: "During my metamorphosis from the drab, sniveling wife, to the chic, glamorous girl, a naval architect, played by Roland Culver, fell in love with me. We did the big kissing scene on location in Scotland. I was sitting on the ground and all was well until the actual take. Roland was kissing me tenderly, during which I got a burning sensation in my thighs. It wasn't passion; I was sitting on an ants' nest. I didn't dare break the scene because we had waited hours to get this one tiny bit of sunshine. After the take, I broke away from Culver with such haste, the poor man must have thought he was obnoxious to me. But I was too embarrassed to explain I literally had ants in my pants!"

It is this salty approach to life that has made Deborah so much admired in Hollywood. She is, as one lady columnist put it, "more popular in this town than lower taxes, smogless weather and Milltown all rolled into one." The inimitable Zsa Zsa Gabor, a lady who rarely, if ever, recognizes even the existence of other women, recently proclaimed, "Deborah Kerr is my dream woman, my favorite actress. If I wanted to be anybody else other than Zsa Zsa, I'd like to be Deborah Kerr." And good friend William Holden declared, "I am not going to say Deborah is just like the girl next door. She's far from it—thank God."

It may be true, as Deborah has complained—no doubt with tongue in cheek—that "nobody ever whistles at me." There are hordes of males willing to correct *that* situation soon enough. When they do whistle, as they will, they may also point out to Miss K. that her halo is on crooked. Deborah will take it calmly. "I know, I know," she'll probably say. "But it's so much more fun this way, life's gayer."

END

# Liz Taylor's and Mike Todd's destinies were written in the stars



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# "My Friend, Jim Garner"

continued from page 46

hectic trip. Coming back on the plane he discovered he had left his ring on the washstand in the hotel. They found it, but I'm just surprised he didn't sweet-talk the pilot into turning around and flying back again!"

I know myself how important this could be to Jim. The studio didn't want me to wear my wedding ring in the "Maverick" series, so I compromised by putting it on the little finger of my left hand. Speaking of marriage, during the time the Garners were waiting for Greta Scott to arrive, Jim and I found another excuse for the good-natured ribbing that exists between us. He knows the Kellys are very anxious to start a family, but so far our first "boy" is a silver grey poodle, whom we named "Hickey" after my wife (May Wynn) whose real name is Donna Lee Hickey.

Jim never passed up an opportunity to remind me of our frustrating predicament. In the meantime, however, their baby was overdue and his anxiety was pathetic. Every time the phone rang on the set, he looked like a startled mustang! If one of us placed a call and held up the line, you could almost hear him groan inwardly. Whenever anyone asked Jim about the baby's arrival, it was my turn to retaliate by reminding him that I'd be glad to baby-sit—if I wasn't too old by the time the baby got here!

Despite our close relationship at the studio, I can count the times Jim and I manage to get together on the outside. One of us is usually working when we aren't working together. Jim's favorite

sport is golf and I can handle myself on the green. For months now we've been threatening to battle it out, but every time we set up a date, we end up in front of the camera instead. When the studio premiered "Sayonara," the Garners and the Kellys made it a foursome. As this was Jim's first important role in movies, he had every reason to be unstrung. Shortly after we were seated, he excused himself and was gone for 30 minutes.

When he returned I ribbed Jim about being a ham who had to go outside to give the fans a treat. He took it as he takes everything in stride and said nothing. I learned later what really happened. In the midst of his first premiere, Jim remembered he had left their doctor's telephone number in the glove compartment. Lois was expecting at this time and he had to search through the parking lot until he found his car. Jim may be a gambler at heart, but for once he wasn't taking any chances!

You may have noticed the scarcity of publicized pictures depicting the private life of the Jim Garners. People have asked me if he is one of those my-private-life-is-my-own types, so I think this is a good opportunity to set everyone straight. Jim is extremely devoted and proud of his family and when you see him with Lois' nine-year-old daughter, Kimberly, you realize how crazy he is about kids. Whenever we're on location and Jim disappears, the assistant director just looks around for the nearest group of youngsters and he finds his man.

The Garners live in a three-bedroom  
continued on page 74

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## "MY FRIEND, JIM GARNER"

continued

apartment out Sherman Oaks way in San Fernando Valley. They're furnishing it piece by piece, with an eye to using everything later when they buy their own home. In the meantime, the apartment isn't ready to be photographed, which is why Jim holds off. There's a closet in the den, which is Jim's favorite haunt, and it's bulging with skiing, skin diving, tennis, golf and fishing equipment. Because Lois says it's worth your life to open the door, Jim tacked up a sign that reads: "Open at your own risk. Owner not responsible for accidents!"

Jim's apartment house has a swimming pool and this is one feature Donna and I miss in our little hillside home. But we do have space for a barbecue, which steak and potatoes Garner doesn't have. It all makes for bigger and better swapping. We try to abstain from talking shop away from the studio and prefer to leave our Western costumes where they belong, in the studio wardrobe department. I'm sure Jim owns a variety of neckties but like me, he rarely wears one. You learn a lot about a man when you work together constantly and I would say that Jim Garner hasn't a single prejudice. That is, unless it's for Notre Dame! They beat Jim's native Oklahoma last year, so who can blame him.

Since his phenomenal success there are so many requests for Jim's services, he'd have to be superman to fill them. He's wanted for benefits, personal appearances and I'm sure every Hollywood hostess has him high on her guest list. There simply isn't time for all this, with one exception. Jim's very partial and loyal to people from Oklahoma, as the following proves. He had finally managed to get three days off and looked forward to it with all the enthusiasm of a kid when circus comes to town. Then the graduating class of his old school

asked him to judge a beauty contest and sent on photographs of the contestants. "This I can't refuse," said Jim and he gave up his precious golf to spend most of the week-end selecting the winner.

When you work week in and week out on a sound stage, you almost lose contact with the outside world. Jim actually never realized Maverick's effect on the public, until he flew to New York and appeared on the Jerry Lewis show against muscular dystrophy. The boys back there tell a wonderful story that illustrates Jim's naivete and modesty. He had only experienced studio reaction to our series and like he said—"They get paid to praise it!" Well, it seems he was asked to wear his "Maverick" costume, but when he tried to get out of the Roosevelt Hotel, the people mobbed him. So Jim went back to his room and changed. He thought he wouldn't be recognized in civilian clothes. But he got mobbed all over again!

In my opinion, Jim will never lose this modesty and his background is the reason. He's the first one to tell you about the times he didn't have two coins to jingle and he still remembers those empty pockets and stomach. I don't think he'll ever go Hollywood, as the saying goes, for several solid reasons. He never puts people or things in categories. Instead, he makes the best of what life has to offer and expects nothing for free. When he looks around, I think he's constantly amazed that—"I got lucky myself."

Jim's heart is in his work but, figuratively speaking, his feet are still firmly planted in Oklahoma. Having been a drifter, both on and off the screen, he's learned to be realistic about everything. As a result, he's found the answer to what most of us are seeking. He's found out how to be a happy man and by his own admittance—"It's the only sure thing I've ever had!" When you're an honest gambler, it's nice to know that the cards aren't stacked against you. **END**

now are decorating the house, hit or miss, to suit themselves.

**MAYBE**—Are those dates of Martha Hyer and Gene Kelly getting serious? Friends think perhaps they are because neither one has a thing to say about said dates. But Gene is now off to Switzerland to visit daughter Kerry at school there and then he will bring her back for a long summer vacation with him at his Malibu beach house.

**STILL SINGLE**—France Nuyen came back from vacation in her native France without marrying that young dentist there. Says she needs more time to know her mind and also confesses that she almost married at 14! "It scares me to think what I almost did. I doubt the permanence of teenage love." France is so beautiful in "South Pacific" but then, the whole picture is beautiful, wonderful, the Most.

**LOVER BOY**—Rosanno Brazzi, a real heart-throb as Emile De Becque in "South Pacific," gifted his real-life love, Lydia, with a dazzling diamond ring for their 18th wedding anniversary. They've rented a house in Beverly Hills because he'll be commuting between here and Europe for the next several years.

**MARLON WANTS GIRL**—Pier Angeli gave a big baby shower for Anna Kashfi Brando at which Anna confided that Marlon hopes the bambino, expected around July 1, will be a girl. "I don't care; I just want a fine healthy baby," she said. Anna never looked lovelier in a pale blue dress with flowers in her hair that matched her flowered shoes. Pier wore a striking ensemble: shocking pink suit with red blouse and ropes of pink and red beads. Anna's presents were all baby things except a lovely, lacy bed-jacket for her. Thinking that too was meant for the baby, she held it up and asked, "So big?" No one brought a torn T-shirt, infant size, for the heir or heiress apparent.

**WHAT A FAMILY**—Dean Martin has just opened a restaurant on the Strip which he plans to operate personally, along with all his other projects. But if his own family eats there often, his profits will go down. He and Jeanne have their own three children and also Dean's four by a previous marriage! They consume between 75 and 80 quarts of milk a week!

**TOGETHER AGAIN**—Ray Danton and Julie Adams, husband and wife off-screen, team professionally again in "Flag Over Tarawa." But they have no love scenes together. Ray and Julie film-teamed three years ago in "The Looters." In that one, Julie's romance was not Ray but Rory Calhoun. But it was while making that film that Julie and Ray met and fell in love. **END**

## Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 12

would always celebrate their anniversary on Easter, whatever the date. Technically, this way they could celebrate twice. Each year Bob tries to surprise Jane with a dinner party but she's long since learned to expect it. Anyway, they've had 15 happy anniversaries.

**TV ROMANCE**—Barbara Eden was working in the filmed TV series "How To Marry A Millionaire" and Michael Ansara was playing Cochise in "Broken Arrow" on the same lot. They met. They had a date. They fell in love. Three months later, they married. Now, another month later, they've decided the honeymoon must be over, because Barbara has gained eight pounds. Mike, five. "That's

what happiness and good cooking can do!" says Mike. They've started dieting.

**HOPE'S TALENTS**—Not only is she an Oscar-caliber actress but Hope Lange is another gal who's a wonderful cook and she confesses she learned the culinary art when she was a girl and her mother ran a restaurant in New York's Greenwich Village. Hope and husband Don Murray decided to have a decorator help them remodel the oldish house they bought. The decorator wanted to start in the kitchen and said, "First, that ugly old stove must go." It was a huge six-burner gas range. Gastronome Hope dug in her pretty heels, refused, and it was the decorator who went. The Murrays



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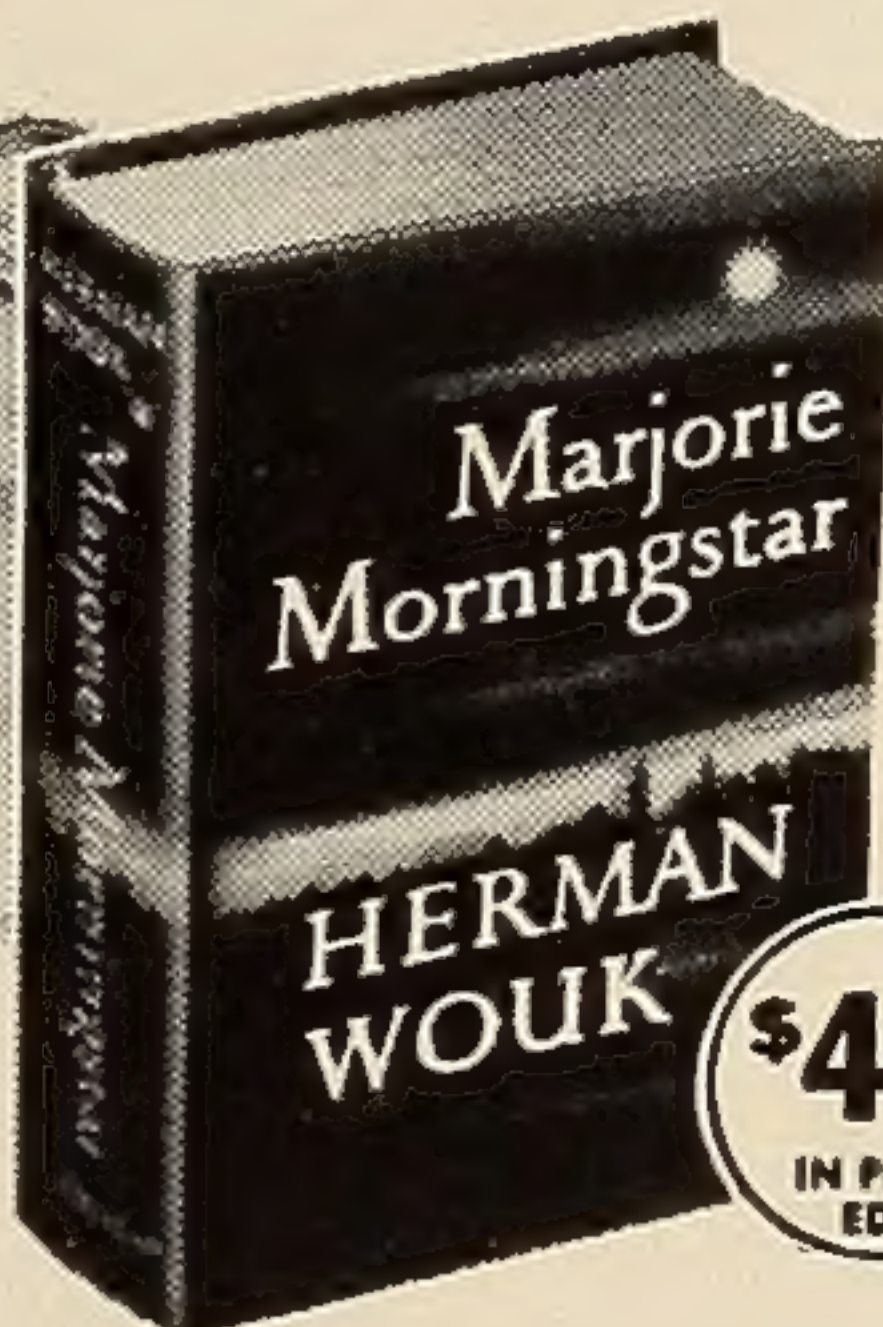
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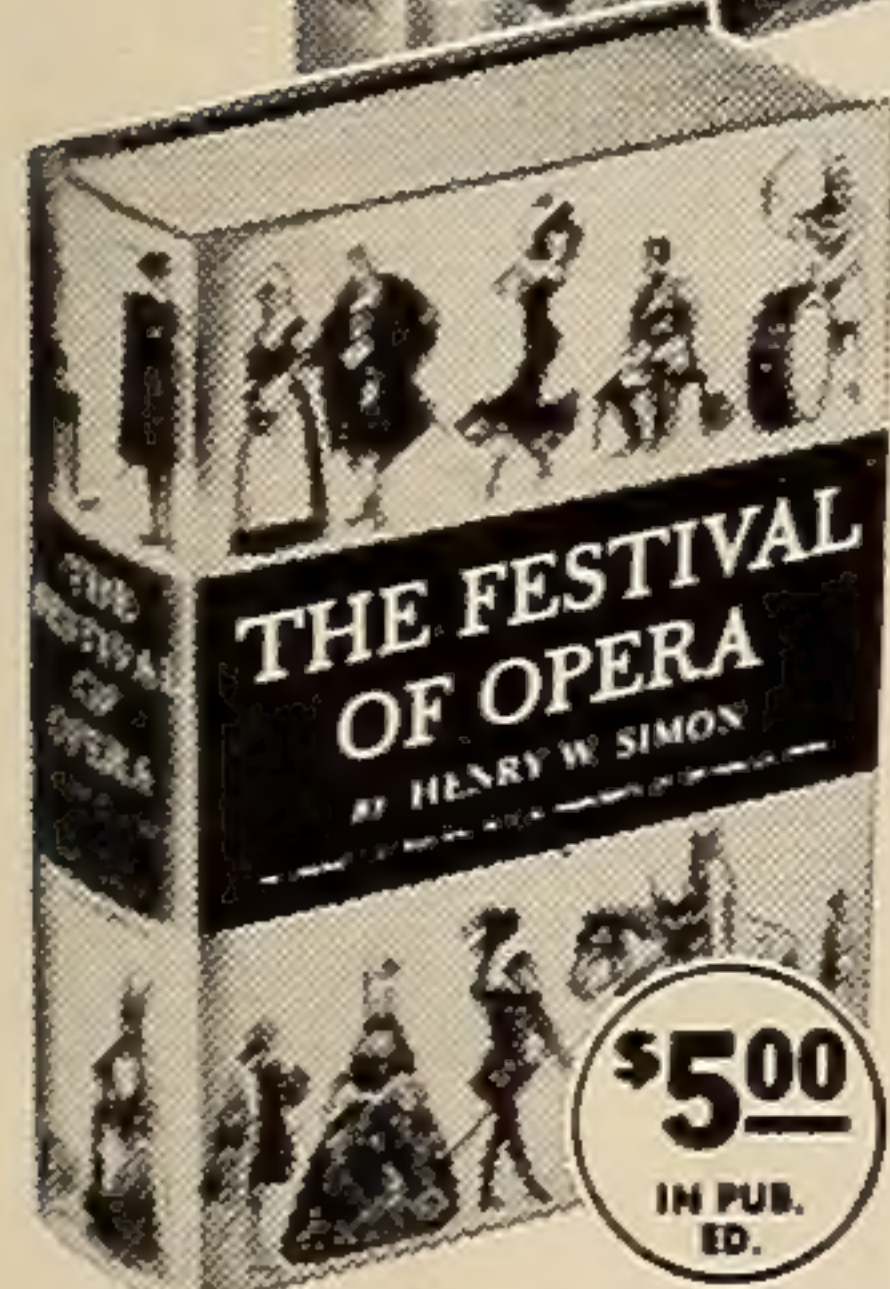
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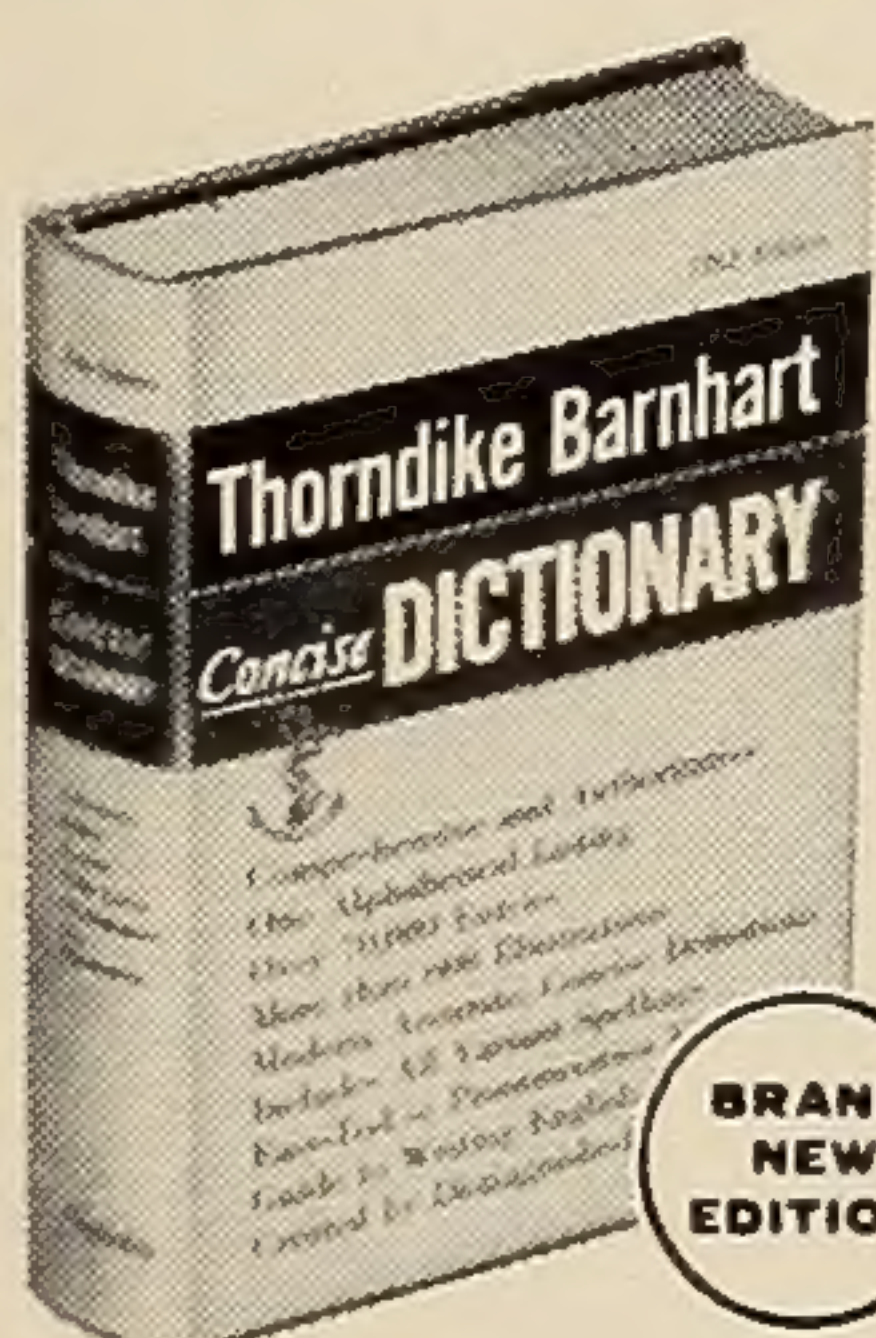


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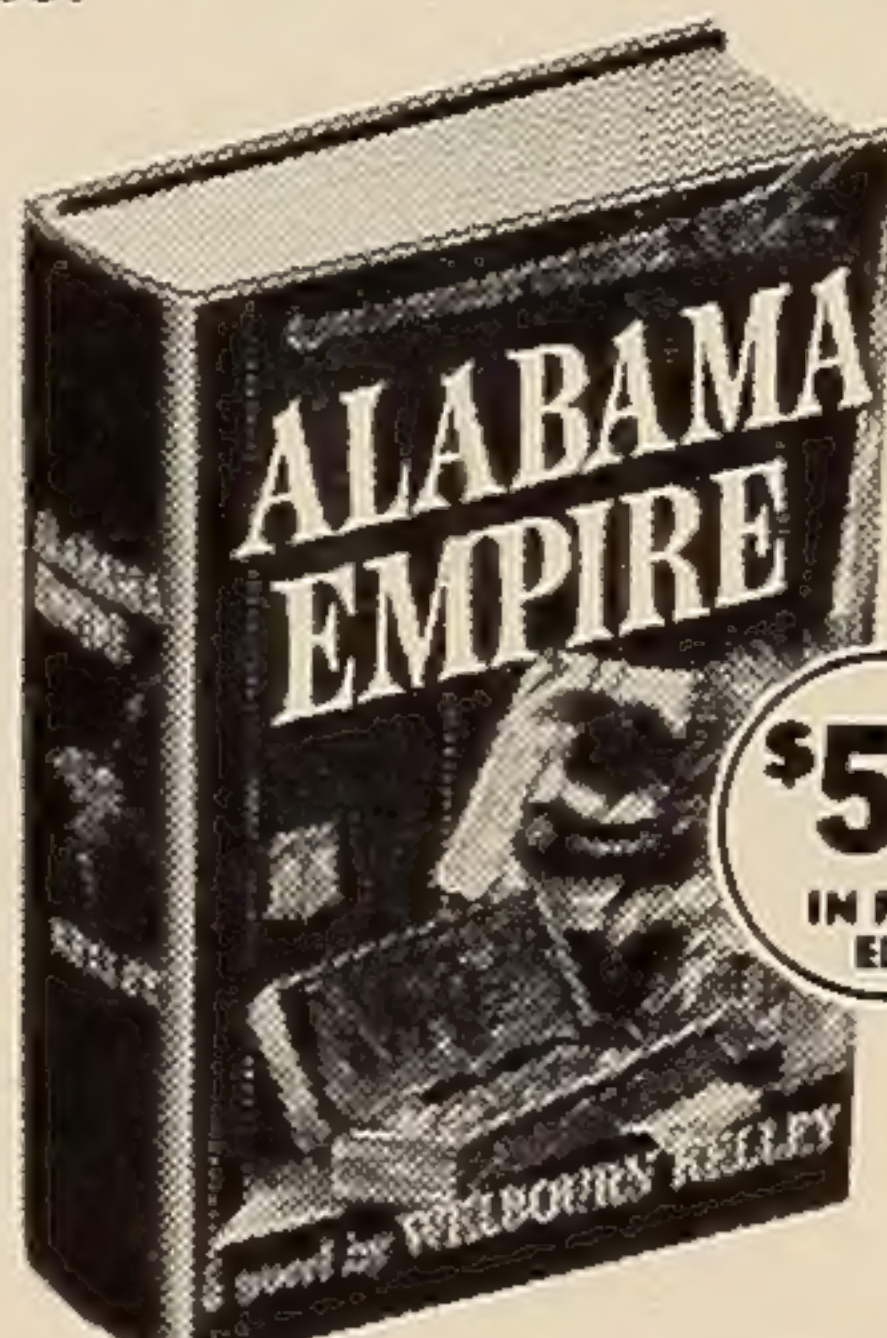
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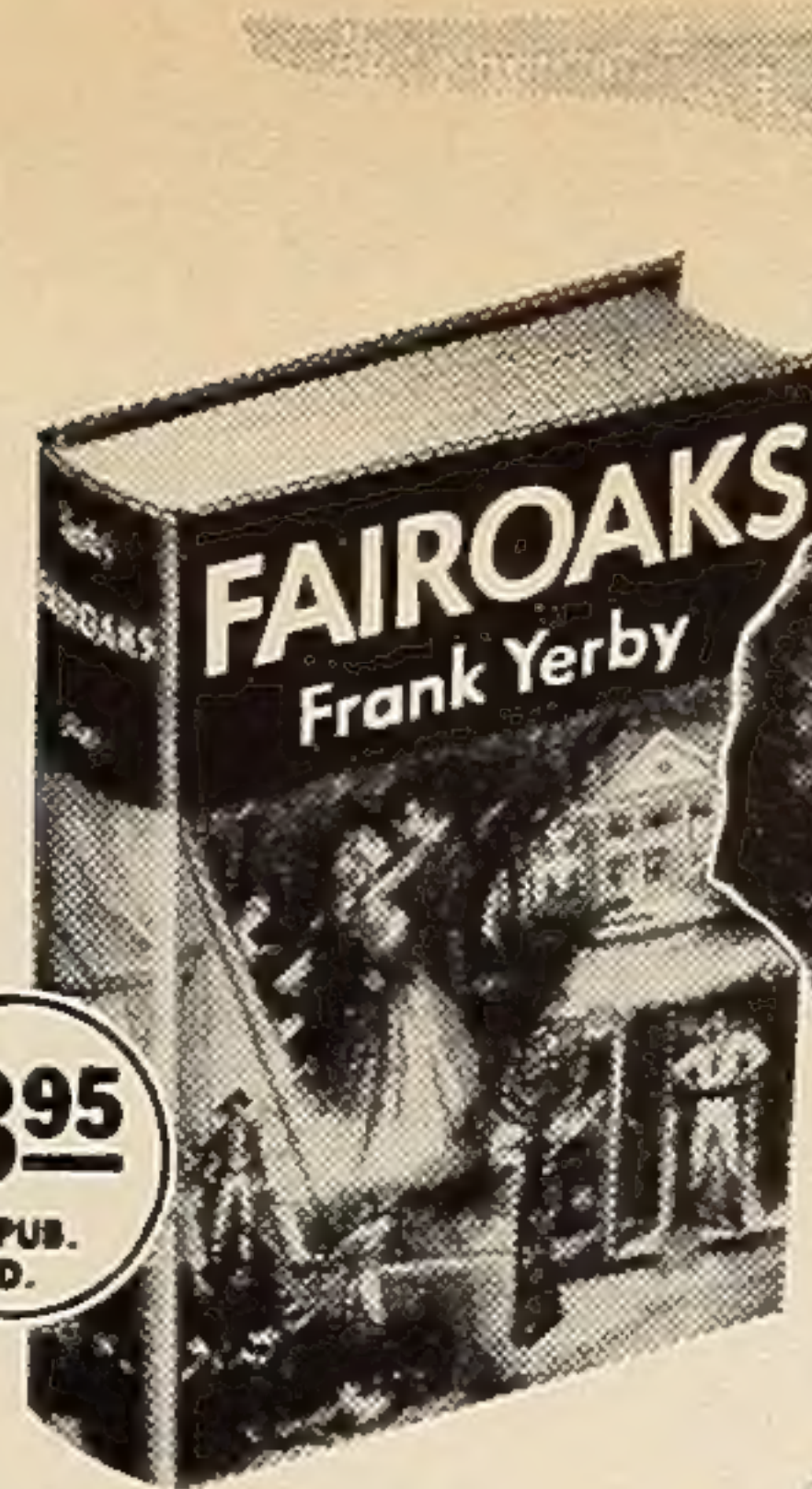
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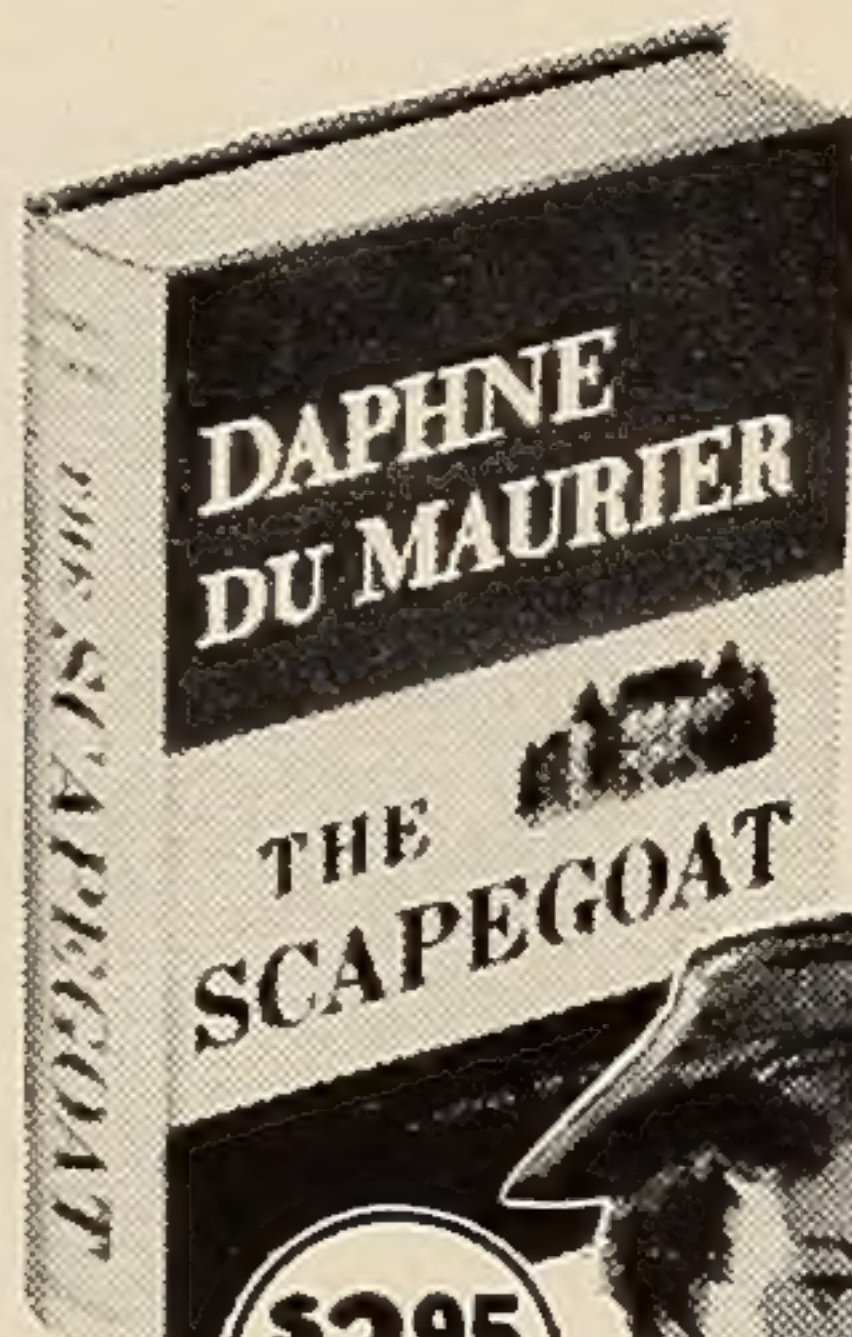
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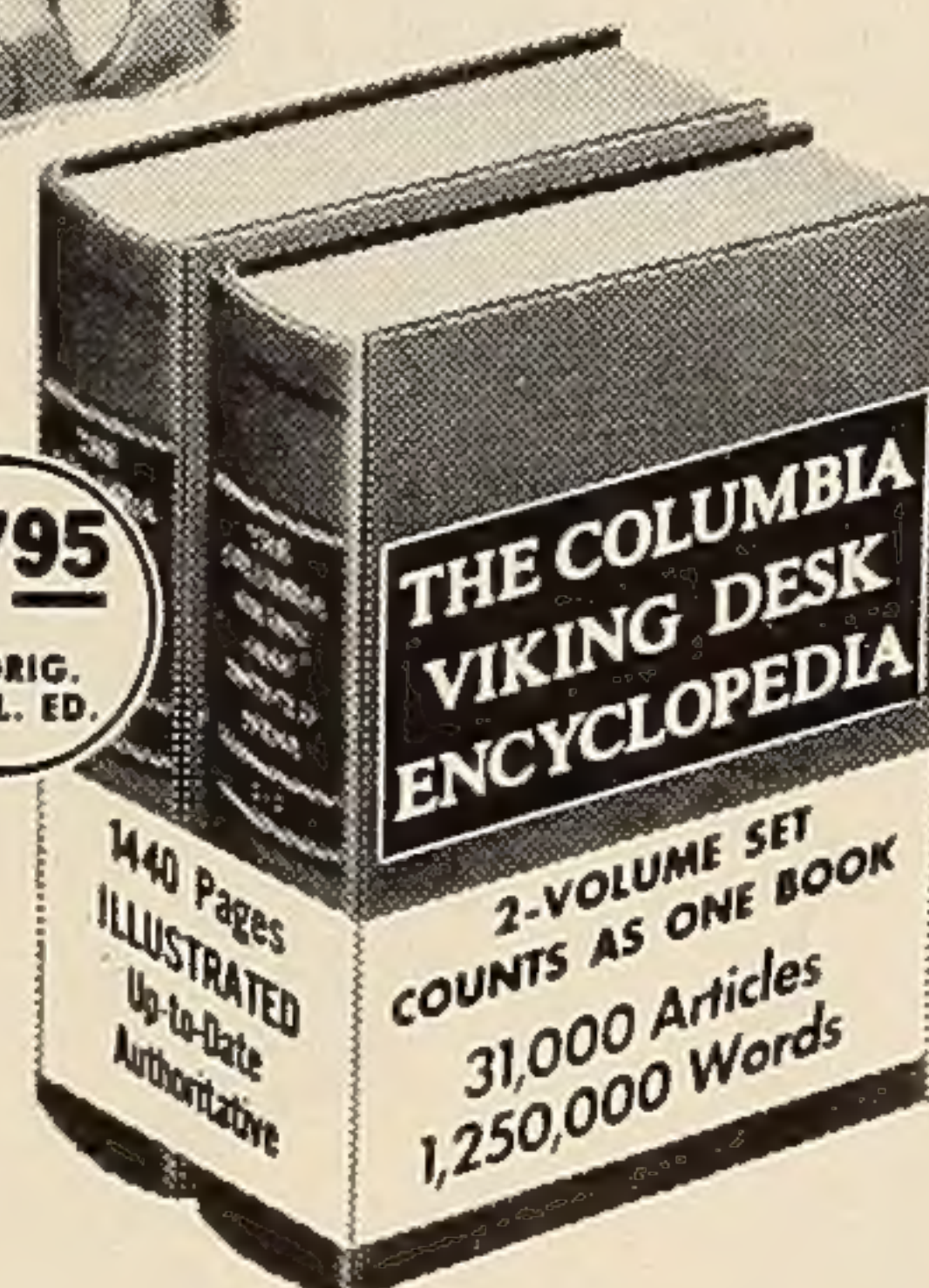
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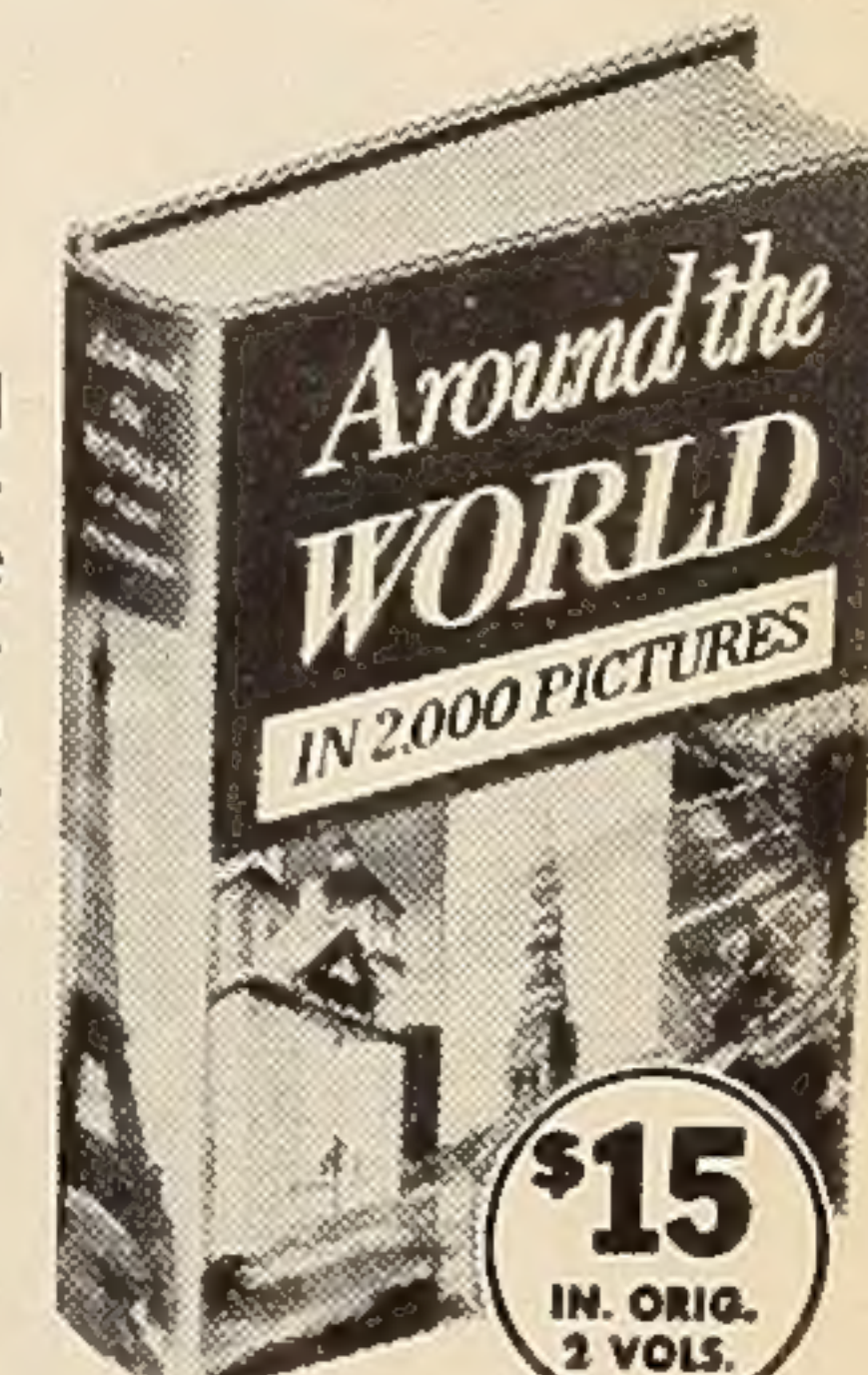
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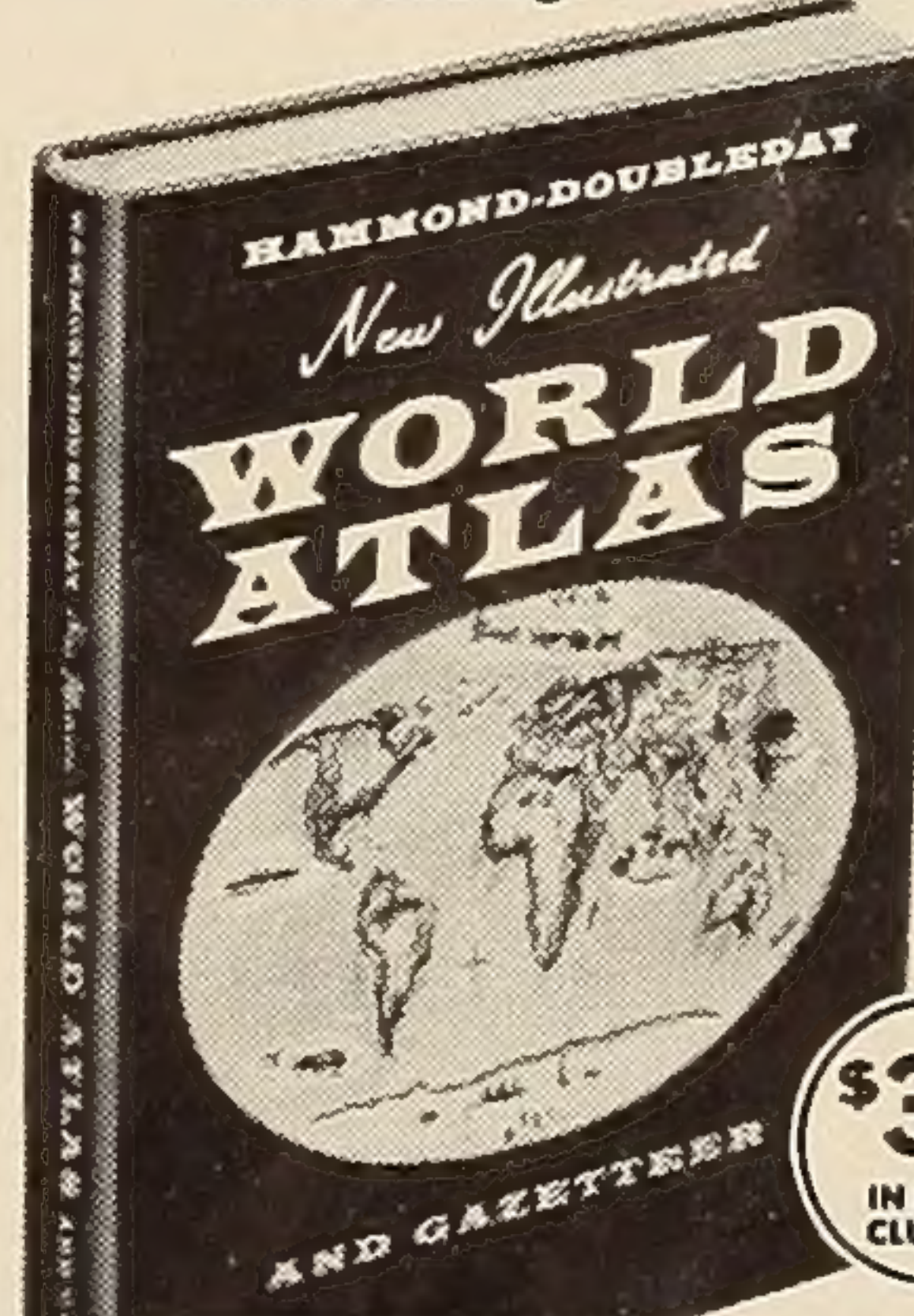
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